# THE INVISIBLE MAN

Written by

Leigh Whannell

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INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

A woman's face, sunken into a pillow. Her eyes are closed.

Chest rising and falling with the ease of a calm sleeper.

Then her eyes prick open. As awake and alert as a deer hearing a rifle being cocked. Her breathing remains the same and we suddenly sense the performance of her 'sleep'.

The clock she is staring at reads 3:51 AM.

Her name is CECILIA KASS (32). She seems like she is barely keeping a lid on her anxiety. Like it could bubble over at any moment and consume her.

She peels back the silk sheets of the expensive bed. She does this slowly and soundlessly, revealing someone's arm draped over her waist.

She grips the arm and carefully hoists it off her body like she was handling a stick of dynamite. She sits up, getting a read on the male body dozing next to her.

Though it's dark, we get the shape and tone of an athletic man in his late 30's. His name is ADRIAN GRIFFIN (38). Even while sleeping, his facial expression is disapproving.

He sniffs, his face twitching.

She watches him, studying every inhalation. Behind her, floor to ceiling windows reveal an expanse of ocean...the first peeks of early morning light dappled across it.

She reaches down and gropes between the mattress and the bed base, extracting a prescription bottle of pills. The label reads <u>VALIUM DIAZEPAM</u>.

She searches under the bed, retrieving a pair of thick socks. She slips the socks on with the controlled silence of a mime.

She pads around to the man's side of the bed, hovering over him in her nightgown. In the socks, her footsteps are MUTE.

CECILIA
Adrian?

Her voice is timid...but loud enough to wake someone if they were a light sleeper. Adrian doesn't move.

She keeps her eyes locked on his back but reaches out and plucks a glass off his bedside table. It is half-filled with water.

She holds it up and swishes the glass around, scrutinizing a white powder substance swirling in it.

She turns and heads towards sliding doors opposite the bed.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia slinks between the doors and goes to the sink of a spotlessly clean bathroom. Keeps the light off.

She reaches into a toiletries drawer and retrieves a phone, using the screen as a light.

She opens a MIRROR CABINET and grasps a tube of LIPSTICK. She dabs the lipstick onto the glass, marking where the water line is. Then she pours the water down the drain.

She struggles to calm herself and steady her trembling.

She runs the faucet weakly and carefully fills the glass back to the marker. Thumbs the lipstick away. Sets the lipstick back and closes the mirror cabinet.

She reaches inside the same drawer where she got the phone. In the mirror, we can see the reflection of Adrian sleeping.

Whatever Cecilia's looking for, it's difficult to get to. Hard to do quietly. She knocks a bottle over and her eyes whip instantly onto the sleeping man.

Feverish, she goes back to the task at hand. She frees a packet of BIRTH CONTROL PILLS from their hiding place. Pockets them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

She checks the time on her phone as she tip-toes across the bedroom, balancing the glass back beside the bed. Exactly where it was. Then she zeroes in on a set of CLOSET DOORS.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

The space and abundance of wealth. Rows of men's designer clothes. And then a smaller section of women's clothes.

Cecilia roots around behind a line of skirts for a SELFIE STICK.

She steps up onto a foot stool and drags out a drawer that is set up high, removing the entire drawer itself.

She sets it down and reaches into a hidden area behind it, extracting a black duffel bag.

She slides the drawer back into place and slings the bag over her shoulder.

Before she leaves, she spots a glassed-in cabinet of Adrian's scarves and gloves. She steals one pair of BLACK GLOVES.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia moves out of the closet.

She peers down the long HALLWAY off the bedroom, then cranes her neck up at a SECURITY CAMERA above the door that faces down the hall.

Using the selfie stick, she pokes the lens around, forcing it to do a 180 so that it faces INTO THE BEDROOM.

She glances down at an app on her phone that shows her the camera's viewpoint. She can see the blown out, night vision image of Adrian sleeping in the bed.

INT. CORRIDOR, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia creeps into the corridor. A large Doberman is standing at the other end of it.

Cecilia squats down. Wary but steady. She reaches into her survival kit and grabs a bag of dog treats. She empties them onto the floor - leathery strips of beef.

The dog, Zeus, trots towards her and laps up the meat. Cecilia scruffs his neck affectionately. He is wearing an ELECTRIC SHOCK COLLAR. She leans over to whisper in his ear.

CECILIA
I'll miss you, Zeus. I have to go now. You stay right here, okay?

She backs down the corridor, her eyes flitting across PLAQUES and AWARDS that cover the walls - SCIENCE AWARDS and VARIOUS DOCTORATES, all addressed to ADRIAN GRIFFIN, as well as FRAMED PHOTOS of her and Adrian in happier times.

At the end of the self-monument is a crumpled DOLLAR BILL, framed behind glass. Inscribed as 'The First Dollar'.

Cecilia checks the camera view on her phone, seeing that the sleeping man hasn't shifted position.

INT. RESEARCH LAB/ OFFICE, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia treads into a dark room. She fumbles for a light switch.

The lights flick on, revealing what looks like a home laboratory. The concrete space is lit from overhead by orange LCD strip lights that bathe the whole space in an amber glow.

On a desk is a row of computer monitors. A series of mannequins in different configurations of modern ARMY CAMOUFLAGE line the wall, bulky night vision goggles affixed to their faces.

In the center of the room is a large glass mini-lab - a room within a room that houses an elaborate optics laser.

On the table beside the laser is a strangely textured piece of black fabric, wrapped around what appears to be a disembodied arm. Cables snake out of it, adding to the strangeness of it.

Cecilia stares at the arm, then moves to the row of computers and nudges a keypad, bringing all four monitors to life.

She tracks a cursor across the screens and opens up a home security program. Twelve individual windows display different fixed security camera viewpoints of the house - including the one of Adrian sleeping.

Trembling, Cecilia shuts off every camera except for that one. She also turns the home ALARM SYSTEM off.

She glances at her phone, studying Adrian. She stands and turns to face a walled off area of the lab with an extra layer of security in the form of a KEYPAD. Behind the glass, she can see a metal frame that almost looks like a clothes rack...but there is nothing hanging on it.

INT. CORRIDOR, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia scampers out into the hall, eyes glued to the master bedroom door. Zeus keeps gnawing at his meat.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia alights the stairs and whisks through a giant, austere living room. Couches and sculptures abound, but it doesn't seem like any actual *living* is done in here.

She peers up at a security camera.

INT. KITCHEN, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

The kitchen looks like it was cleaned for a photo shoot.

Cecilia races towards the fridge. As she does she KICKS a METAL DOG BOWL. In the funereal silence of the house, it might as well be a thunderclap. Cecilia curses herself under her breath. She swipes a large and expensive looking KITCHEN KNIFE from a wooden knife block. Waits.

We watch Cecilia at a distance, then PAN AWAY from her, staring down the corridor she just came from.

Nothing emerges. We PAN BACK to Cecilia.

She opens the fridge, revealing a very OCD arrangement of items in perfect order on each shelf. Boxes and boxes of the same brand of SOYLENT SHAKE take up one of them. She grabs one, stuffing it into her bag - along with the knife.

She unzips her duffel bag and inside we see maps, clothing, a flashlight, a rain jacket, ID papers. <u>It's a survival kit</u>.

She rifles through it and selects track pants, a hoodie and some sneakers. She hauls the pants and hoodie on, then wrestles the sneakers onto her feet. Next she snatches out the pair of gloves she stole, fitting them on her fingers. The gloves are far too big for her hands.

Finally, she grabs the flashlight and zips up the bag, hooking the strap over her shoulder.

She checks her phone again.

<u>Adrian is GONE</u>. No longer in his bed.

Panic floods Cecilia. She runs out of the room.

INT. GARAGE, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

A concrete space housing a black Tesla and two gleaming motorbikes.

Cecilia hustles around the car, getting to the edge of the garage.

She steps out into the cold night air.

A WHINE STARTLES HER.

She whirls to face Zeus. He begs to go with her.

CECILIA
(whispered but urgent)
I can't take you with me. I'm sorry.

She turns away...but can't go on. Zeus is crawling out of his skin at the edge of the garage. Afraid to take another step.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm not leaving you with that goddamned collar on.

She doubles back and crouches next to Zeus. Holding the dog's head steady, she fidgets with the collar, trying to undo it.

From inside the house, she hears distant FOOTSTEPS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Cecilia? Where are you?

Zeus bucks excitedly at the potential freedom, his tail whacking the side of the Tesla.

And that's when its CAR ALARM goes off, disintegrating the quiet with an ear-splitting keen.

Cecilia's tenuous grip on her own stress levels is SHREDDED in tandem with it. She finally gets the collar free and pockets the cruel device.

EXT. ESTATE LAWN, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia flees like a prisoner of war.

Zeus gallops along beside her, as eager to escape as she is.

As she sprints across the lawn, she keeps looking back - as if waiting for someone to materialize in the mist. A security light comes on, illuminating the huge sloped lawn.

She stumbles down a hill and reaches a fence at the far end of the yard, heaving the bag over it.

She clambers up, gripping the top of the fence with her gloved hands. Her sneakers slip on it.

The car alarm continues its obnoxious din in the distance.

Zeus makes frenzied attempts at clearing the fence but can't.

Cecilia's sneaker grip finally gets purchase on the wood and she hoists herself up to the top.

INT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Cecilia hammers down onto the dirt, snatching up the duffel bag and scrambling forward into the trees.

Zeus barks crazily behind the fence - a clipped roar, evolved to unsettle.

Branches rake Cecilia's face as she stumbles across uneven terrain, mud squelching beneath her soles.

SNAP!

A nearby twig breaking. The noise poisons her with dread.

She whips her head around as if someone were standing right behind her. As if someone were close enough to touch her.

She finally finds the courage to press on through the woods.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Tall trees encroach on a ribbon of road. There are no street lights. Only the moon.

Cecilia scrabbles her way out of the foliage, pacing at the edge of the asphalt.

CECILIA
Emily, where are you?!

Headlights crest a hill in the distance. They speed towards her. It's a sedan. Something a soccer mom would drive.

She launches towards the car to meet it.

As she runs, the bottle of VALIUM DIAZEPAM spills from the pocket of her track pants, landing on the road.

The car lurches to a stop and Cecilia desperately wrenches the door open, diving inside and SLAMMING IT SHUT.

INT. EMILY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cecilia flattens the door lock, twisting around to face the woman in the driver's seat. This is EMILY KASS (38), Cecilia's older sister. Tough. Overly critical but loving.

CECILIA
Go! Hurry!

A MAN'S FACE SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

ADRIAN
Where are you going, Cecilia?

It is ADRIAN. He tugs at the door handle, pleading.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Please, let's talk. Do not do this.

CECILIA
Go, Emily.

ADRIAN
Look at me. I love you, Cecilia.
Look at me. You're being crazy.

Cecilia won't look at him.

Adrian WALLOPS his fist against the passenger window.

Emily is frozen with fear, unable to move. As capable as she is, the sudden violence stuns her into shock.

ADRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the fucking door. Open it.
Open it. Open it. Open it.

He punches AGAIN and AGAIN each time he says "open it".

CECILIA
Emily, go! NOW!

The glass SHATTERS, tiny shards scattering across Cecilia.

Emily snaps out of her terror and STOMPS on the gas.

The car hisses to life and bombs off down the road. Adrian rolls away from the car, hitting the gravel.

As they speed away, Cecilia turns to face Adrian behind them. He picks himself up off the road, chasing the car like a stubborn dog.

It's futile now, though. They're long gone.

Cecilia HURLS her phone through the missing passenger window, watching it sail into the trees.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Streetlights throw pools of amber onto a darkened neighborhood. It's that silent witching hour when night owls have gone to bed but early risers haven't gotten up yet.

**TITLE ON SCREEN: TWO WEEKS LATER**

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A body is splayed out across a couch, using it as a bed. A digital clock reads 3:51 AM.

A creak interrupts. Could be floorboards.

The body on the bed sits up sharply. It is Cecilia. She is too awake to have been truly asleep.

She squints into the shadows in front of the couch. There are shapes but she can't define what they are.

Keeping her eyes on them, she reaches across and flicks on a standing lamp...revealing a sparse room. A rolling clothes rack and her 'survival kit' gym bag are swept into a corner.

Cecilia goes to flick the light off. Hesitates. Keeps it on.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

Cecilia gazes through French windows, bleary eyed. The blood red fingers of early sun leak through them.

JAMES (O.S.)
Cee.

She JOLTS out of her daze as a handsome African American man approaches. This is JAMES LANIER (34). Thinks before he talks. Appears outwardly relaxed, but he's intensely studying and taking in everything around him. He rubs his eyes, yawning.

JAMES (CONT'D)
How long you been up?

CECILIA
Few hours. Can't sleep.

JAMES
If you lie down and close your eyes, that usually helps.

Cecilia musters a weak smile.

CECILIA
When I was twenty three, I got this job at a fancy architecture firm in Paris. I was so excited to run out into the world every day that I couldn't sleep for months. Now I can't sleep because I'm scared of what's out there.

JAMES
And yet you're not getting out of our deal.

He points at the mailbox across the lawn. The room around her is half painted in a new coat of white. Sheets are everywhere. (This is the room James is painting throughout the film.)

CECILIA
I'll do it tomorrow.

JAMES
That's what you said yesterday. Which makes tomorrow today.
(beat)
See you in thirty seconds. I'll be waiting right here for you.
(beat)
He's not out there. I promise.

EXT. FRONT YARD, JAMES' HOUSE - MORNING

Cecilia steps outside the modest house.

Each step she takes is wobbly. Hesitant. She heads for the mail box. Her eyes keep assessing the street. It's so early that there isn't anyone around.

A car down the road is covered with a white sheet.

She's closer now...almost there.

Then she hears <u>footsteps</u>. She FREEZES.

A man in a dark hoodie is jogging towards Cecilia.

She retreats, running for the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - MORNING

Cecilia barges past James, short of breath.

CECILIA
I'm sorry. I can't. Not yet.

JAMES
It's okay. That's the furthest you've gone since you've been here. As far as I'm concerned, you just walked on the moon.

Another woman, ANNIE (34), strolls into the room, scratching at bed hair. She's wearing a cocktail dress like she just woke up from going out. Seems surprised by Cecilia's presence.

ANNIE
Hey there.

JAMES
Annie. Good morning. Uh...this is Cecilia. Cee, this is Annie.

CECILIA
Hi. Nice to meet you.

ANNIE
You too.

CECILIA
I'm gonna...go and get Sydney up.

Cecilia beats a quick exit. James talks fast. Maybe *too* fast.

JAMES
Cee is an old friend of mine. She's staying with me for a little bit. While she gets back on her feet. I grew up with her and her sister. We went to the same school. She's been helping me with Sid, so it's been --

ANNIE
You don't have to explain anything, James. We've been on two dates.

JAMES
I know, I know...
(beat; switches tack)
So last night was fun.

ANNIE
Yeah it was. I'm gonna go home and get ready for work.

JAMES
Okay cool. So...give me a call? Let's do something next week. Or whenever you want. I'm not sure what the rules are here.

ANNIE
Aren't cops supposed to know all the rules?

JAMES
Not this one.

ANNIE
This cop or this rule?

JAMES
Both.

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia sits on a messy bed and observes a confident teenager getting dressed in front of her.

This is SYDNEY LANIER (15), James' daughter. Mature for her age. Fifteen going on twenty five.

SYDNEY
So did you get a good look at dad's Tinder skank?

CECILIA
Dad's Tinder Skank? I'm confused, is that a new band that you like? Because I know a smart, awesome, modern young woman like you would never slut shame another woman with a term like that.

SYDNEY
Was she nasty?

CECILIA
Your dad would be the expert on this seemingly very nice person.

SYDNEY
Ah, I see. I'm picking up the code here. I'll tell him you didn't approve of her nasty ass.

CECILIA
Please don't.

Sydney parades in a colorful, customized army jacket slung over a bright pink T-shirt.

SYDNEY
Okay, changing room montage. You feel me in this?

CECILIA
I love the jacket.

SYDNEY
My latest creation.

CECILIA
You are a true designer. And you are way cooler than I will ever be.

SYDNEY
Honest thoughts on the whole outfit. I can take it.

CECILIA
Maybe...change the T-shirt? Let the jacket be the statement, you know?

SYDNEY
What?! You need to recognize some ground-breaking combinations when you see them, girl. Don't cage me!

CECILIA
You said honest!

Sydney pushes Cecilia back onto the bed. Cecilia cracks up, lobbing a pillow at Sydney in retaliation. They have an easy rapport that is loving and cute.

SYDNEY
(mangled French)
Ca va tres bien pour moi.

CECILIA
(correcting her)
Non, "ca me va bien."

SYDNEY
Ca me va bien.

CECILIA
You'll get there.

SYDNEY
Listen here, Miss Chanel. When you don't have the money for classy, you gotta make do with crazy.

CECILIA
Okay, A - my Chanel days are over before they even got started. B - nobody loves a thrift store more than me, and C - I'm worried that if I let you go to school like that, your dad will kill me.

SYDNEY
You gonna let a man scare you?

Cecilia is suddenly a little sad.

CECILIA
You're right. You should be able to wear what you want.

SYDNEY
I'll lose the jacket. Save it for Paris Fashion Week.

CECILIA
They won't know what hit 'em, kid.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia is cross-legged on the couch. She chews her nails and broods over her laptop.

The article she is reading is entitled "HAS SOMEONE HACKED YOUR WEBCAM? HERE'S HOW TO STOP CYBER-SNOOPERS".

She hits a button and opens her FaceTime camera.

She reaches into her handbag and fishes out a Sharpie. She uncorks it and scratches it over the lens. It does nothing.

She keeps looting through her bag and plucks out nail polish. She paints it over the lens and it does the job.

A sudden KNOCK at the door. It startles Cecilia.

INT. FRONT DOOR/LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia creeps to the door, peering through a peephole and spying Emily on the doorstep.

Cecilia snaps the locks on the door open, upset.

CECILIA
Emily, what are you doing here?

EMILY
Nice to see you too, sis.

CECILIA
Not fair.

Cecilia yanks her inside the house, slamming the door. Babbling at a mile a minute.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
That is not fair. I told you that you can't come over here, Adrian could follow you. He knows where you live!

EMILY
Yeah, well, I have some news for --

CECILIA
There is no news that could justify this! You don't know him. And you coming here, it lets him know where I am. It's selfish.

EMILY
Oh, I'm selfish? You call me and ask me to help orchestrate some jail break from your boyfriend in the middle of the night, which I do. You ask me to set up a new life for you, which I do - but you won't talk to me, you won't see me, I'm not allowed to call you. For weeks. I don't even know your frickin' email address right now. So my reward for helping you was you ghosting me. That's selfish.

CECILIA
I have a plan. And you just need to go along with it and be okay with not being in control for a while.

EMILY
If your plan was to become a shut-in who stays indoors and wears pajamas all day, what do I do when I have something extremely important to tell you?

CECILIA
Please don't judge me, Emily, I'm --

EMILY
I'm not judging you, boo, I'm not. I'm trying desperately to tell you that you don't need to cut off the world anymore because he's dead.

CECILIA
Who's dead?

EMILY
Adrian.

Emily holds up her phone, displaying a headline that says 'OPTICS GROUNDBREAKER DEAD OF APPARENT SUICIDE'. Cecilia accepts the phone with a shaky hand, speed reading the article.

CECILIA
This isn't what I wanted...

EMILY
No. Do not blame yourself for this. It's got nothing to do with you. You made a choice for your own life and he made one for his.
(beat)
What did he do to you?

CECILIA
I need a minute...

She stumbles out of the discussion like she's sea sick.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM, CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia closes the door behind her and leans on the sink.

She glares into the mirror, her face a vortex of emotion. The trauma she was burying has just been exhumed.

She wilts onto the tiled floor and releases a tornado of walled off feelings. Regret, hate, relief - it smashes through a mental dam and vomits out of her...all at once.

A knock at the door.

EMILY (O.S.)
Are you okay?

CECILIA
I just need to be alone for a bit. I'm sorry.

INT. DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

An empty corridor. Cecilia appears in it, hesitant.

She wanders into the kitchen. Emily is still sitting there.

EMILY
I'm not here to make you talk about anything, I'm just here.

Cecilia sits down opposite Emily.

CECILIA
He...controlled me. At first it was just controlling my time...then it was who I talked to...then it was what I ate and when I left the house...then it was controlling everything I said. Then it was everything I thought. And if he didn't like what he assumed I was thinking, he would...

EMILY
He would what? He would hit you?

CECILIA
No. It was worse than that. He altered my reality. He lied to me so convincingly that I thought I was the crazy one. I believed I was a burden to him. I begged for his forgiveness and thanked him for putting up with little ol' worthless me.

She trails off and Emily reaches across, taking her hand.

EMILY
You were with him for three years. Why didn't you tell me about this?

CECILIA
Three years and thirty four days. I met him at a Silicon Valley Christmas party on December 14th three years ago.

She absently picks up the knife she took from Adrian's house.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
At least I got this expensive knife out of it.

EMILY
Well, you're safe now. You'll never see his face again.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

An unmarked police sedan sweeps into the driveway.

James and Sydney clamber out of it. Sydney is scarfing down a cup of ice cream, lugging a school bag.

JAMES
I'm not telling you to aim low, I would never do that. I'm telling you to manage your expectations. Don't limit your choices to one school in the whole country.

SYDNEY
You told me to have a goal, Yale is my goal.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door moans open and Sydney skitters inside with teen energy. James walks in behind her, shaking off the day.

JAMES
There are a lot of great, affordable colleges. It's not just about Yale.
(beat)
Hey Cee!
(to Sydney)
She wouldn't leave, right?

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. A knock at the door.

SYDNEY (O.S.)
Cee? You here?

Sydney opens the door, the light cleaving the room in half and revealing a teary eyed Cecilia lying on her bed.

Sydney approaches. She sits on the bed.

James stays at the doorway.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
You okay?

CECILIA
Yeah.

JAMES
Ah...I think she might want to be alone, Sid. Let's leave her be.

CECILIA
Adrian is dead. He killed himself.

There is a long pause while Sydney and James take this in.

JAMES
Damn.

He's lost for words.

SYDNEY
Does that mean you're gonna leave now? Can't you stay with us a little while longer?

JAMES
Sid, this isn't about us.

CECILIA
I've taken up enough space already. It's time to get out of your hair.

SYDNEY
No, it's not time! Right, dad?

James approaches and slumps on the bed next to Sydney.

JAMES
Our hair is just fine with you in it.

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Cecilia steps outside. She gazes up and down the street. Hesitant.

She strides forward, heading for the mailbox.

A young man walks his dog past the house. He waves at her and Cecilia tentatively waves back.

This time she makes it to the mailbox. She reaches in and corrals a mess of crumpled mail, smiling.

INT. KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Assorted envelopes flutter onto the counter.

James looks up from syncing his phone with a portable bluetooth speaker, cueing up some Miles Davis.

JAMES
You a social butterfly now?

Cecilia laughs and leafs through the heap, stacking the junk mail to one side.

James struggles to open a paint spattered, rusty ladder. He finally wrenches the legs apart. Grumbles to himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Man, I can't work with this thing.

Cecilia lands on an envelope that looks brand new - creaseless, like it was hand delivered.

It is addressed to **CECILIA KASS**. Her eyes crinkle with alarm.

CECILIA
There's something here for me...

She uses a knife to slice it open, prying out a formal legal letter. She scans the typed words, lips moving as she reads it. Sensing James' curiosity, she reads a portion aloud.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
"...we are informing you that Cecilia Kass has been named as a recipient in the living trust of Adrian Griffin..."
(beat)
How did they get this address? No one knows I'm here.

JAMES
Your sister does. If Emily knew about an inheritance, she probably killed him herself to make sure you got it.

CECILIA
It says I have to go to a hearing in person...at his brothers office.

James puts down a brush and approaches her. Calming her.

JAMES
So go.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A carpet of ghostly fog creeps across the San Francisco Bay, the peaks of the Golden Gate Bridge rising above it like a bright red dorsal fin.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE, DOWNTOWN - DAY

A downtown San Francisco street in full rush hour mode.

The sidewalk is choked with a river of morning pedestrians. Amongst them we find Cecilia and Emily. They weave through the commuters, Emily walking confidently while Cecilia keeps flinching as people come into contact with her.

EMILY
You okay?

CECILIA
Not very good with crowds these days.

EMILY
Hang onto me, I'll bulldoze these shitheads out of the way.

She hooks her arm through Cecilia's.

CECILIA
Listen...please don't go in there and start telling Tom that you're glad his brother is dead.

EMILY
I'm not gonna say that. I will not say that. I'll say that I'm glad he's avoiding breath right now.

CECILIA
No!

EMILY
Look, I'll be perfectly happy as long as I can dig him up and snip his balls off with my gardening shears.

This gets a laugh out of Cecilia, as Emily always can.

They turn towards a revolving door, pushing through the crowd as bodies collide with them.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cecilia and Emily sit in the reception area of a law firm - GRIFFIN, JOHNSON AND DONAVAN.

A perfectly groomed female assistant approaches them.

ASSISTANT
Miss Kass? Mr. Griffin can see you now.

INT. BOARDROOM, LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily and Cecilia file into the intimidating, masculine boardroom with large windows that look out over the neighboring skyscrapers. They head towards two expensive looking chairs.

EMILY
Here, you sit on this side. I'll be the one he's breathing all over.

She guides Cecilia into the chair as if she were an invalid.

TOM GRIFFIN (33) - handsome in a preppy, 80's James Spader type way; dead-eyed even when smiling - strides into the boardroom and takes a seat. He has a skittish energy that demonstrates his poorly masked anxiety issues.

He and Emily are instantly at war.

TOM
Thank you both for coming in.
(beat)
I got the strong impression on the phone Emily that you wanted to make this quick so I'll keep it that way.

He opens a folder and peruses the contracts within it.

Cecilia looks away, her eyes landing on the end of the conference table and the empty chair pushed back from it.

TOM (CONT'D)
As the appointed attorney representing Adrian's discretionary trust, I'm required to enact his final wishes and he stipulated that I do this in person. He wanted me to read a prepared statement.

He clears his throat, prepares to fake the required solemnity.

TOM (CONT'D)
"Cecilia...although our relationship was far from perfect, I at least thought we had built up enough trust that you would talk to me rather than running away from -- "

EMILY
Nope. Sorry. You're not allowed to do this.

TOM
I'm required to read it.

EMILY
But we're not required to listen. Email me a copy.

TOM
I'm not trying to upset either of you, I'm just doing my job.

EMILY
Your job is to explain the money you mentioned on the phone.

TOM
I mentioned that Cecilia specifically is named in Adrian's trust.

EMILY
And that's why we're sitting here.

TOM
Yes. For the same reason so many women in Adrian's life got close to him. His money.

EMILY
If there was a chance of physically being close to him, we wouldn't be here for any amount of money.

TOM
You are physically close to him.
He's in that urn behind you.

With a hint of joy at the checkmate, Tom indicates a small urn near Emily. She is shocked into silence, which is rare for her.

CECILIA
(softly)
What happened?

TOM
He cut his wrists in a hotel room three days ago. His body was discovered by a housekeeper.

Tom talks only to Cecilia now.

TOM (CONT'D)
Which is why I'm here. To respect his final wishes and tell you that you're getting five million dollars, estate and income tax free.

He lets those words float in the air.

TOM (CONT'D)
The money will be staggered in installments of one hundred thousand dollars per month for the next four years, contingent of course on you ever being declared a drug addict, a criminal or mentally incompetent. Normally there would be a one hundred and twenty day contestability period, but I'm going to waive my rights in that regard.

He holds up an account form and a gold fountain pen.

TOM (CONT'D)
As soon as I have your signature and your banking information, I can start releasing the funds.

The form wavers in the air like a formal invitation to another life.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia stands in the center the living room, giddy.

CECILIA
Okay, you can come in now.

James and Sydney wander in, hands covering their eyes.

SYDNEY
Can we look yet?

CECILIA
Yes, you can.

They remove their hands and Cecilia steps aside to reveal a brand new LADDER with a bow on it. Top of the line. As ladders get, anyway. Sydney is more bemused than surprised.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Ta dah.

SYDNEY
A ladder?

James does a slow burn pivot to Sydney.

JAMES
Excuse me? I know I didn't just hear you say that. I think I heard you say something else.

SYDNEY
Thank you.

JAMES
That's better.

CECILIA
You're welcome. I know you needed a new one, James. You can't work with that old ladder, you said it yourself.

JAMES
That's very sweet of you, Cee.

CECILIA
And Sydney can use it too. She also needs a ladder.

SYDNEY
(side mouth to James)
Don't think I'm helping you paint.

JAMES
I wouldn't even bother to ask.

CECILIA
No seriously, Sydney can use it too. Like...she might use it <u>now</u> for instance.

Cecilia overacts the discovery of something in the corner of her eye - an object sitting on top of a tall book shelf.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
She might use it to get things like...that. What *is that* up there?

Sydney is perplexed. Suddenly knows the gift giving is not over. She plays along, following Cecilia's eye.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
(subtitle: You can climb, Sydney)
Tu peux monter, Sydney.

James is confused. Sydney climbs up the ladder, plucking an envelope from the lip of the shelf.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
(subtitle: And now you can come down please)
Et maintenant tu peux descendre s'il te plait.

She steps down. The envelope is labelled SYDNEY. She rips it open carefully, intrigued. Slides out a single piece of white paper - a photocopy of a bank account form.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
It's a new bank account for you. I opened it today and put ten thousand dollars in it. And I'm gonna put ten thousand in it every month this year. I called the account 'Yale'.
(beat)
You're going to college, kid. Any one you want.

And suddenly, Sydney bursts into tears. She lunges forward at Cecilia, clutching her like a favorite toy.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
You've just gotta do the work now. But I know you will.

James is overcome too, tearing up.

JAMES
Damn, Cee...this is too much. Are you sure you can do this? How much did Adrian give you?

CECILIA
Let's put it this way - she can go to grad school too.

They fall into a group hug. A moment of silence. Then:

JAMES
We need to celebrate. No microwave dinners tonight!

Cecilia swipes a cushion from the couch, revealing a bottle of pricey champagne. Holds it aloft.

CECILIA
Luckily, I came prepared.

If Cecilia's plan was to overwhelm them, it's working.

JAMES
Too bad Sid can't have any because she's not twenty one yet.

SYDNEY
You are such a rule follower! You said I was mature for my age!

CECILIA
Yep, I heard it, you did say that.

Sydney playfully attacks James, mock punching him. Cecilia joins in the attack. James cowers, hands in the air.

JAMES
Two on one ain't fair! I'm just an innocent man tryin' to do right!

Cecilia encircles James in a head lock and they all collapse into a pile of laughing, happy people.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James and Cecilia wander into her room, still laughing. They're both a bit drunk, especially Cecilia.

JAMES
Was Emily a straight up bitch to him even after she found out how much dough you were getting?

CECILIA
Yes! She's always been like that. The way she talks to servers in restaurants.
(Emily impression)
"Could you not use Italian words? Just tell me what it actually is".

JAMES
That is eerie, girl. You are good.

CECILIA
Yeah, I used to be funny.

James gazes around the room - Cecilia has brought a few more homely things into it, such as daisies in a vase. There are a few shopping bags lying around.

JAMES
Look at this, you really brightened your little corner up. Did a little shopping, got some flowers.

CECILIA
(aware that it looks like she's staying forever)
You know...the reason I love daisies so much is that Adrian hated them. He was allergic.
(beat)
So much of my life has been wasted because of one relationship. I'm gonna start sending my stuff out to some architecture firms again. Get back out there.

There's a lull and a suddenly apparent spark of romantic tension between them shows itself.

JAMES
Alright, well...goodnight. And thank you again.

CECILIA
No. Thank you. Sleep well.

He closes the door. Cecilia reaches into one of the shopping bags, holding up a dress.

We PAN AWAY FROM HER and examine the empty room behind her. We STAY ON IT for a few beats...hearing something.

It almost sounds like breathing. We PAN BACK TO CECILIA. Her back is to us. And then we hear a SNIFF - exactly like the one we heard from Adrian on the night Cecilia escaped.

Cecilia whirls around and glares into the emptiness behind her. She knows that sound like she knows her own breathing.

In an instant, she has gone from happy and light to uncomfortable and unnerved.

She leaves her clothes and the light on and climbs onto the couch.

INT. KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - MORNING

Eggs and bacon sizzle in a pan.

Cecilia looks a little worse for wear. She slices mushrooms on a cutting board with the same expensive kitchen knife that she took from Adrian's house. James enters, dressed in his detective wear. Police badge on his belt.

CECILIA
Morning. Want some breakfast?

JAMES
I can't, I gotta go. I'm actually a little hungover, believe it or not.

CECILIA
Me too. Champagne does that to me every time.

He leaves the room, still talking to her.

JAMES (O.S.)
We're getting old, man. These winter mornings are killing me. Alright, I'll see you later. I should be back by about seven. Oh, Cecilia?

Cecilia leaves the room and we hear them talking. We HOLD on the empty kitchen. The eggs bubble in the pan.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Could you get Sid moving? Thanks to you, she's pretty excited. She might need some help staying focused.

CECILIA (O.S.)
Yeah, of course.

The dial on the oven turns on its own, the flame getting bigger.

Flames rise from the pan...the smoke becoming thicker.

It fills the room with a gauzy haze.

The knife on the counter slips out of view as if snatched away by a ghostly hand.

The smoke alarm SHRIEKS.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit! Shit!

She dashes to collect water. Sydney ducks in behind her.

SYDNEY
No, don't use water!

With efficient calm, Sydney switches the gas off, then plucks a fire extinguisher from under the sink, aiming it directly at the flames and dousing them. When she's done, the fire is out and the oven is coated with white foam.

Cecilia is embarrassed at her own ineptitude.

The alarm finally cuts out.

CECILIA
Jesus...thanks Sid.

Cecilia checks the eggs. They are now cinders covered in fire retardant. She picks one up.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Think we can still salvage it?

SYDNEY
Sorry, no. So can I...

She wrenches open the fridge and snatches out a donut.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
...have this donut instead? It's not a nutritious breakfast, but if I wait for anything else I'll be late for school and my education will be adversely affected.

CECILIA
Do not tell your dad.

SYDNEY
I don't tell him anything he doesn't need to know.

She twirls out of the room before Cecilia can change her mind.

Cecilia turns back to the kitchen island and the cutting board. She looks confused. Searches high and low.

CECILIA
Where's the knife?

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia pecks at her laptop, honing her resume, pen between her teeth. Her back against a pile of pillows on the couch.

We RACK FOCUS to the corner of the empty room behind her...watching it. We RACK FOCUS back to her.

Cecilia suddenly stops - a chill running down her spine. She notices that her vase is now empty. The daisies are gone.

A sound stabs out from behind her. The creak of wood. Shifting weight.

She turns to face the empty corner behind her. Nothing is there.

She stares at the wall with the type of intense focus that people use to glare at Magic Eye paintings. We take it in from her POV.

Just an ordinary wall...

...until a FIGURE briefly takes shape. As if the wall had become a 3D sculpture in the shape of a man.

It's only there for a second and then it's gone.

And then she hears footsteps. Coming from the hallway.

Cecilia gets up and walks out into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hesitant, Cecilia advances down the corridor.

She charges forward and we STEADICAM with her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia takes a quick inventory of the room...the usual paint splattered sheets and cans of paint lying around. Half the wall is painted now.

She flicks on the light, exposing everything starkly.

She turns when she hears the groan of wood -- seeing that the FRONT DOOR is WIDE OPEN.

She steps towards it and peers out into the night.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia edges through the door, wandering out onto the porch.

Her eyes patrol the quiet street - not a soul in sight. She's freezing and we can see her clouds of breath curling in the frigid night air.

A long, tense moment.

And then a BREATH FORMS IN THE AIR RIGHT BEHIND HER - from an unseen source.

Cecilia feels a chill run down her spine.

She turns around and sees nothing.

INT. FRONT DOOR/LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The door whines shut as Cecilia closes it.

JAMES (O.S.)
Cee?

An involuntary squeal of fright LEAPS out of her throat and she whirls around.

It's James.

CECILIA
Jesus! Don't do that.

JAMES
You knocked on my door.

CECILIA
No, I didn't.

She gestures to the front door.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I thought I heard someone walking in here and then I found the front door wide open.

JAMES
Okay, I'll check it out.

CECILIA
I already looked --

JAMES
Cee, this is literally what I do for a living. Stay here, keep calm.

He exits and Cecilia slumps on the couch. She massages her temples, attempting to take meditative breaths.

And then she looks up and sees the letter C striped on the wall with FRESH PAINT...drops of it still running.

She freezes. Glaring at it. James wanders back in.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I couldn't see anybody but I promise you I will be extra vigilant.

CECILIA
What about that?

JAMES
What about what?

She points at the letter and he examines it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm gonna be extra extra vigilant. Let me check the whole house.

CECILIA
You don't think that was meant for me?

James approaches her, calculating what to say.

JAMES
Listen, Cee...Adrian will haunt if you let him. Don't let him.

CECILIA
That's the thing, I don't feel like his ghost is here in the house with us. I feel like he is.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia retreats to her bed. She sets her phone alarm for 6AM.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - MORNING

Sunlight penetrates the blinds.

Cecilia stirs, waking slowly. Then she abruptly BOWS upright, flooded with adrenaline.

CECILIA
Shit!

She scrambles over to her phone. It is 8.34 AM.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Why didn't the alarm...?

Flustered, she gets up, spearing towards the door - then circles back to her bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia races in, the definition of stress. James is dressed in his painting gear.

CECILIA
My stupid alarm didn't go off. I've gotta run out the door.

JAMES
You need anything?

CECILIA
Um...coffee.

JAMES
Have mine, I haven't touched it yet.

CECILIA
Thanks.

She takes a sip from a nearby mug, then unzips a large portfolio folder containing samples of ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Look book, resume.

Cecilia dashes out of the kitchen. We HOLD on the room for a BEAT in a WIDE SHOT.

A very sharp eye would notice Cecilia's phone sliding off the kitchen counter. It's almost unnoticeable. But it happens.

Cecilia scampers back in, styling her hair. She drains the coffee and zips up the folder, then whips around.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Wait, where is my phone? Can you call it? Sorry.

James dials her number. They stop moving. Listening.

She does a lap of the house while James gives up on his search. After a long beat, she re-enters, anxiety rising.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I'm late for an interview with Ruler! I cannot believe this!

JAMES
Hey, hey, hey. Breathe. It's okay.

CECILIA
The address is in my phone, I've gotta to call an Uber. I need it!

JAMES
Listen, people did okay for a long time before those crack pipes ever came along. Some people even left the house. Just calm down. They would be lucky to have you. You're interviewing them, that's how you gotta look at it. Say it with me - I got this.

CECILIA
(extremely unconvincing)
I got this.

JAMES
I'll call you an Uber. Practice saying that on the way.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A new building with a design heavy look to it.

INT. BOARD ROOM, ARCHITECTURAL FIRM - DAY

An upwardly mobile office, filled with young professional hipsters who practically scream that they are GOING PLACES.

A man, MARC (37), leads Cecilia through the warehouse style space. He's dressed in the stylish mode of someone who cares about presentation.

Cecilia seems sleepy and halting. Not confident.

CECILIA
Uh, after Berkeley, I worked at a firm in Paris for about six months. That was the best time of my life. For sure. Except for this next phase, of course.

Marc indicates a small seating area.

MARC
Take a seat.

They both sit and Marc watches Cecilia.

MARC (CONT'D)
So any reason you worked in Paris in particular? Is that where all the beautiful women of the world have to go as a rule?

CECILIA
(laughing uneasily)
Well, I spoke a little French and I've always wanted to live there, so after I graduated I made my way over, totally on a student budget. Lived in a broom closet. Literally.

MARC
I started this firm in a supply closet. Literally.

CECILIA
Well, when you've spent a lot of time in one, you know how important closet space is in architecture.

Marc laughs genuinely, forming a quick kinship.

MARC
Yes, you do. And you know what it's like to start at the bottom. I like that. Let me see some of your work.

She takes out her folder, unzipping it. The folder is EMPTY.

CECILIA
I am so sorry, I had my drawings with me and...I do not know what has happened.

Sweat is forming on her brow. Her efforts at being composed are crumbling. Her speech is slurring.

MARC
It's okay, you can send it to us whenever you get a chance. So let me tell you about us. At Ruler we engage...are you okay?

CECILIA
Actually, I really don't feel well.

MARC
Do you want some water?

CECILIA
Um...yeah maybe. Thank you.

Cecilia gets up and takes a few steps - then collapses.

MARC
(screaming into office)
Can I get some help? Call 911!

INT. BLOOD DRAWING STATION, HOSPITAL - DAY

A sterile linoleum floor reflects harsh fluorescent light.

A nurse hovers over Cecilia. She jabs a needle into Cecilia's forearm, drawing blood into a tube.

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY

Cecilia waits in a crowded corridor. James is next to her. A gurney is wheeled past them with a burn victim patient whose face is covered in bandages. Cecilia watches him go.

An overworked female doctor approaches them, DR. LEE (42).

DOCTOR LEE
Cecilia? You probably shouldn't drive or operate any heavy machinery for the next few days. Other than that, you seem fine. You can go home.
(MORE)

DOCTOR LEE (CONT'D)
We'll get in touch with the results of the blood test as soon as we can.

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Light glints through the bare winter trees.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia stares into the mirror, willing herself to relax.

INT. SHOWER, ENSUITE BATHROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Hot water soaks Cecilia's face from a shower head.

She is OUT OF FOCUS in the foreground, the steam fogged glass in focus behind her.

As she moves around in the shower, she intermittently obscures our view of the shower door.

And then she moves back and we notice a clear HANDPRINT on the glass behind her.

Cecilia notices it and STOPS. Stares at it. She rotates the faucet and the water cuts out.

She steps out of the shower, groping for a towel. Nabs one and wraps it around her body. Still staring at the handprint.

She races out of the room.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia runs to her 'survival bag' and ransacks it, locating the pair of gloves she stole from Adrian's house.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The handprint is fading, droplets of water running off it.

Cecilia runs in and holds the left hand glove up against it.

It is a perfect match.

A knock at the door. Cecilia spins, heart in her throat.

JAMES (O.S.)
Hospital's on the phone. You can pick it up in here.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia stumbles in and grabs the landline.

CECILIA
This is Cecilia.

DOCTOR LEE (V.O.)
Hi, this is Doctor Lee at St. Vincents. We've got the results of your blood test in and it looks like the Valium was most likely the cause of your --

CECILIA
What Valium?

DOCTOR LEE (V.O.)
Your blood work is showing a high amount of Diazepam. That would definitely explain what happened to you.

CECILIA
I don't have any Valium.

Then something GRABS her attention. Her facial expression tenses, her wide eyes fixed on something.

There is an object sitting on the floor.

A small orange bottle.

Cecilia puts down the phone and steps towards it.

With horror, she sees that it is a bottle of VALIUM DIAZEPAM...the same one she dropped the night she escaped from Adrian's. She picks it up and examines it.

A telltale thumbprint of blood is smeared across the label. A familiar feeling of DREAD courses through her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Surprise.

Cecilia whips around, JOLTING at the sound of the voice.

Her blood FREEZES. She knows that voice.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE, DOWNTOWN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Another busy morning of futile frustration. Car horns scream.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

The muted clack of computer keys...until Cecilia barrels in, a walking knot of tension. James is behind her, exasperated.

CECILIA
I wanna see Tom Griffin.

ASSISTANT
Do you have an appoint --

CECILIA
(pointing at James)
This man is a police officer. We'd like to see him right now, thanks.

JAMES
Jesus, Cee.

The assistant picks up her phone and dials.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Griffin, there are some people here to see you.

INT. TOM GRIFFIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom regards Cecilia warily from across his desk.

He sits up straight in front of James, the way people behave in front of cops.

CECILIA
Tell him to stop it.

TOM
Tell who to stop what?

CECILIA
Tell him to stop what he's doing.

TOM
(to James)
Do you know what she's talking about?

CECILIA
Adrian's not dead.

TOM
I think the heap of ashes in that jar would disagree with you.

JAMES
What makes you say that, Cecilia?

CECILIA
What makes me say it is that I know him. Better than anyone. Better than you. Adrian was a horrible, sick person - but he was also a genius. One night I told him that I was going to leave him. That I was serious about it. He stayed calm, which I didn't expect, and then he told me that I could never leave him...because wherever I went, he'd find me. And when he did, he'd walk right up to me but I wouldn't be able to see him. And then he'd whisper "surprise" in my ear and I'd know he was there.
(beat)
I know that story was literal now - because that's exactly what he did to me today. I don't know how he's done it...but he's figured out a way to be invisible. He's a world leader in the field of optics and I know he could do it.

We can't tell if Tom finds this story crazy or not.

James, however, is a different story - he's looking at Cecilia with wide eyed disbelief.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
He's using his invisibility to do what he used to do to me. Gaslight me. Control me. On the night I left him, I drugged him with valium.

She places the bottle of Valium on Tom's desk.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
This valium. I dropped it as I was running away from his house. Yet somehow it found its way back to me.

Tom studies the bottle, eyebrow raised.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
He always used to pressure me about having a baby...but he didn't know I was secretly taking birth control. It was the one thing I had control over. He knows my secret now though, and I know he's angry about it. He's not dead, I just can't see him...but I'm going to find a way to expose him. And you.

TOM
Okay...I'm actually going to refrain from calling that story completely ridiculous and instead take it at face value. I agree with you that Adrian was brilliant - but not because of anything he invented. It was how he got into people's heads. That was his true genius. Knowing people's weaknesses. Think about it - he came up with the perfect way to torture you, even in death. The only thing more brilliant than inventing something that makes him invisible is not inventing it but making you think he did.

Tom points at a framed DOLLAR BILL, resting against a wall in the corner of the office. The same one we saw in Adrian's house when Cecilia escaped.

TOM (CONT'D)
See that? That is the first dollar Adrian ever earned. And that's what he gave me in his trust. You got millions of dollars and I got one.
(beat)
That dollar is my version of the invisibility story. It's how he tortures me in death.

Tom can't contain his bile. We can finally tell he's sincere.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're wrong about knowing him better than me. My brother controlled me long before he ever met you. I hated him. You and I have that in common.
(beat)
Right now, I'm living in his house.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Arranging for everything to be sold off. Getting rid of all the reminders...because we also have in common that we were both relieved when we heard he was dead.

He pulls out a drawer in his desk and grabs a file. Opens it up and displays a police forensics photo of Adrian's BODY, prone across a bathroom floor in a pond of blood.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's gone, Cecilia. I saw his body. Don't let him win by bringing him back to life.

ON CECILIA...surprised to find herself sympathizing with Tom at this moment.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Another quiet night in a quiet neighborhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia sits alone on the couch. Staring at her empty portfolio folder. She hurls it across the room.

A landline bleats. Cecilia convulses at the shrill sound of it, nerves fried. She picks up the phone.

CECILIA
Hello?

EMILY (V.O.)
Hey, it's me.

CECILIA
Hey.

EMILY (V.O.)
What's wrong?

CECILIA
I don't know. I'm scared, Emily.

EMILY (V.O.)
You don't have to be afraid of him anymore, I told you that.

CECILIA
I'm not scared of him. I'm scared of myself. I'm scared I'm losing my mind.

EMILY (V.O.)
Honey, you've gotta get out of that house. Meet me for dinner tonight.

CECILIA
I don't know.

EMILY (V.O.)
Yes, you do know. I'm taking you to Chin Chin. It's our favorite, we are gonna get shit faced and we're gonna forget about everything. I will not accept a no, so you might as well start getting ready.

CECILIA
I can't.

EMILY (V.O.)
I'm gonna make you butt chug a Mai Tai.

Cecilia bursts into laughter.

EMILY (V.O.)
There she is. See you at eight.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia skims through her meager suitcase of clothes.

Grows frustrated.

CECILIA
Where have all my clothes gone?

Then she hears it.

BREATHING.

It's very low, but it's undeniable. It quivers. Lustful.

Cecilia WHIRLS around.

She BOLTS for the door to her room, wrenching the handle.

It doesn't give.

The door is locked.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
What?!

She yanks the door brutally. Nothing.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Hello? Help!

She pounds on the door. No response. She's alone. She turns and faces the room. Closes her eyes.

Opens her eyes with a new fight in them. There are no other sounds in the room.

She stalks forward, listening. As she reaches the center of the room, the breathing becomes apparent again.

Cecilia steps towards the sound. Honing in on it.

Another step.

The panting...the presence of another human being...it has more clarity now.

A floorboard creaks.

Cecilia glares down at her own feet. They don't budge.

WIDE EYED in terror, Cecilia moves towards the sound.

She zeroes in on one corner of the room.

She reaches out, as if she is about to touch someone.

The breathing suddenly STOPS. Her probing fingers reach the wall. Nothing is there.

Cecilia backs up, staring all around her. She keeps backing up until she hits the opposite wall. She sinks to the floor.

Watching the empty room in front of her.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James' police cruiser rolls into the driveway.

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone is ringing in the dark. James strides through the door and hunts for it.

JAMES
Damn, it's hot in here.

He finds the phone and grabs it. Sydney wanders in behind him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hey Em.
(beat)
I have no idea, I just walked in.
(beat)
Okay, I'll take a look. Let me call you back.

He hangs up, moving down the corridor.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Cee? Hey Cee! You here?

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James wanders down the hall, reaches Cecilia's door.

JAMES
Cee?

CECILIA (O.S.)
I'm in here. The door is locked.

James turns the handle and it opens without difficulty.

He peers inside. It's dark. Cecilia is slumped on the floor in the exact same position we last saw her in. She looks unhinged. Pale. Sweat mottles her face, her hair damp.

Her eyes are DEADLOCKED on something in the corner of the room.

James takes a step inside, concerned. Cecilia doesn't take her eyes off what she's looking at. Speaks quietly.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
That door has been locked the whole night. I couldn't get out.

JAMES
I'm sorry to hear that.

CECILIA
How is it that you can just walk up and open the door when I couldn't? Isn't that strange to you?

Sydney eavesdrops, peering over James's shoulder. Cecilia turns back to the object of her attention.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
There's someone sitting in that chair.

James and Sydney follow her gaze to an empty club chair in the corner of the darkened room.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
See it?

It is plainly just an empty chair.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Look at it.

James narrows in on the chair intensely. We PUSH IN on it.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
It's him. I know it is.

Cecilia nods quickly. James is at a loss. Sydney is scared.

JAMES
You want me to check?

He moves towards the chair without trepidation or hesitation.

He waves his arm across it - through the space where this seated ghost would be.

She buries her head in her hands, losing her mind. James sits on the floor, getting down to her level.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You still believe Adrian is here with us but we can't see him?

CECILIA
I tried telling someone what I believe. It didn't help.

JAMES
Listen...you're not alone in this. You've got us.

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

As still and dark as a mausoleum.

Both Sydney and Cecilia are asleep, back to back in Sid's bed.

Cecilia twitches. Something is slicing through her mind. We HOLD on her for a moment. Watching her. Then...

...the sheet draped over both of them slowly pulls away, revealing both of their bodies.

Cecilia's head turns over. We're not sure if SHE did it or someone else. Her mouth opens. Or is opened.

A silent camera FLASH goes off, illuminating the whole room in stark white light for a split second.

It goes off again. And again. And again.

Cecilia stirs, then opens her eyes.

A phone is HOVERING in mid-air above her.

She SCREAMS and SITS UP, reaching out and snapping on a bedside lamp. It's bright and it chases all the shadows away.

The phone is gone.

The commotion wakes Sydney, who props up on her elbows, terrified. James charges into the room, frazzled.

JAMES
What?! What happened?

CECILIA
I saw my phone...it was floating above me. I swear I saw it. He's here.

Sydney whips a hand into her school bag, producing a can of PEPPER SPRAY.

JAMES
Sid, put that stupid thing away.

SYDNEY
You're the one who bought it for me!

JAMES
I know, just...not now.

James sits on the bed next to Cecilia.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I think it's totally normal to be experiencing feelings like this. Like he's watching you. Like he's here. It's PTSD. Plain and simple.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)
And I think you need to talk to someone about it...someone more qualified than me.

EXT. EMILY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A brick building with a lot of character.

EXT. ENTRANCE HALL, EMILY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Wood panels reflect the morning light. Cecilia enters the foyer and tracks up the corridor, reaching the apartment at the end. She thumbs the doorbell and waits.

The door cracks open and Emily peers out at Cecilia. The look on her face is even more severe than usual.

CECILIA
Hey.

Emily doesn't move the door an inch. She's boiling.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about last night. I was stuck in the house. Literally stuck.

EMILY
At least we have clarity. Now I know what you really think of me.

CECILIA
Look, I know it seemed like I stood you up, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, but I had no way to call you. Why do you always assume --

EMILY
I don't care about our goddamned dinner. I care about you carving out the time to let me know how suffocating I am to you.

CECILIA
What?

EMILY
Not that I should have to say this, but I never wanted or expected any of that money. What I actually want to do is help you. That's all I've ever done.

CECILIA
Emily, I have no idea what you're talking about right now.

EMILY
The email you sent me this morning.

CECILIA
What email? Emily, I promise you I have no idea what you're saying.

EMILY
All the things you said about me...if that's how you feel then don't ask me to bail you out of your own personal life anymore. If you're too stupid to know who the good guys are and too weak to get away from the bad guys, then don't sob to me for charity.

CECILIA
I didn't write any email! Someone is doing this to me! It's him!

EMILY
It's who? Adrian?

Emily's anger subsides a little as this revelation comes out.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You were right to be scared. And now I'm scared for you too. You need medication. Adrian is dead.

Cecilia reels back, her sanity fraying. She runs away.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia is hunched on her bed, checking her email. She is a raw nerve, sensitive to touch.

She clicks on her SENT ITEMS tab - and sees an email sent to EMILY KASS at 5.43 AM.

Cecilia clicks on the email. Her eyes dart across the text and we read brief slashes of it:

*...you do exactly what HE did - you suffocate me...*

CECILIA
No, no.

JAMES (O.S.)
Pizza's here, come and get it!

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia wanders down the hall in a daze.

JAMES (O.S.)
Cee, can you grab Sid and tell her to stop pretending to do homework, get off her phone and come out?

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia knocks, then pushes open Sydney's door. She is passed out on her bed, fast asleep. School books lie open beside her.

CECILIA
Sid?

No reaction. Cecilia steps closer and leans over Sydney, rubbing her arm gently.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Come on. Your dad ordered pizza.

Sydney mumbles, eyelids prying open for a second.

SYDNEY
In a minute...

Cecilia shakes her again. Sydney opens her eyes and looks up at Cecilia.

And then - AN UNSEEN FORCE BELTS SYDNEY ACROSS THE FACE.

The hit is so powerful that it sends Sydney flying out of bed. She hits the wall with sickening force.

Cecilia is just as STUNNED as Sydney is. Her hand reflexes to her mouth.

CECILIA
Oh my God...Sydney.

Sydney sits up. Her nose bleeding. Her glasses cracked.

SYDNEY
(teary, vulnerable)
Why would you do that?

CECILIA
I didn't...I swear Sydney I did NOT do that.

We see by Sydney's face that she is scared witless.

SYDNEY
Dad!!

Footsteps down the hall. James bounds into the room.

CECILIA
Sydney I love you, I would never hit you! Something else...something hit her!

Suddenly, Cecilia's hysteria becomes palpable. She takes gulps of air as she spits out fragments of sentences.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I told you he was...I would never, ever hurt you...you know that, right Sid?

Cecilia takes a step towards Sydney but she flinches and backs away.

James sees this and goes to Sydney, latching onto her.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Sydney, you believe me don't you?

HOLD ON SYDNEY - we can't tell if she believes her or not.

SYDNEY
Dad, I'm scared.

JAMES
I'm gonna take Sid to her grandmother's place. Just for a few days.

CECILIA
But you know it wasn't me! I didn't do that.

JAMES
I just need to get her out of here for a bit.

He backs out, taking Sydney with him. Anger rising.

CECILIA
No. Don't leave me. That's what he wants. He wants me alone.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James and Sydney back down the corridor, Cecilia trailing.

CECILIA
This is what he did. When we were together. He isolated me. And he's doing it again.

JAMES
I'm not leaving you. I want to help you. But I need to make sure my daughter feels safe right now.

CECILIA
I understand but...

JAMES
If I were you, I would stay with your sister. You shouldn't be here alone.

Cecilia watches helplessly as they both walk out and close the door behind them.

She stands alone in the house. Turns around and takes in the empty hall behind her.

We PUSH IN on the vacant space.

INT. KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia flings open the pantry and selects a large bag of coffee grounds from it.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia SLAMS the door behind her.

She dumps the bag of coffee out, spreading the grounds onto the floor. Criss-crossing the room and shaking it out evenly.

Coughing, she smacks out the last of it and slumps down against the wall. Surrounded by a sea of coffee grounds.

INT. CECILIA'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Cecilia's bloodshot eyes drift closed...then pulse open. The cold shock of trauma charges her.

She reaches down and claws up a fistful of coffee grounds from the floor, shoving them in her mouth and chewing.

She forces herself to focus on the powder in front of her. Searching for confirmation of her own fears.

The room is silent. The more she listens, the more insane this seems. The more obvious it is that <u>she is alone</u>.

(As she talks we cut back and forth between her and the empty room in front of her, as if someone were in the reverse shot.)

CECILIA
Why me, Adrian? That's what I don't understand. Your name is on the list of this country's wealthiest and most powerful people. You could have any woman you wanted. That's the sad reality. That's what wealth and power buys you - people. So why me? I'm just a suburban girl from Illinois who crashed into your life one night. What could you possibly have to gain by putting your attention on me? Can't you just get revenge by marrying a supermodel like a normal billionaire? Forget I ever existed. Because I don't. Not compared to you. There's nothing you can take from me because I don't have anything left. You've already taken it all.

Then something <u>changes</u> on her face. A realization.

Wincing from being in one position for too long, Cecilia crawls along the wall. She claws a landline phone from its dock. Dials a number.

The instantly recognizable, intermittent vibration of a smart phone thrums. She cranes her neck to take in the ceiling.

<u>It is coming from somewhere above her</u>.

Cecilia stands, her eyes staking out the ceiling. The phone rings out, going to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)
Hey, it's Cecilia. If you don't know what to do now then you have bigger problems than getting a hold of me.

The phone beeps.

Cecilia hangs up and dials again. Following the sound. She's right below it now.

She opens her bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Fingers brush the ATTIC DOOR.

Cecilia is on the brand new ladder she bought for James, flashlight in hand.

She forces the door open, a mouth of darkness greeting her.

INT. ATTIC, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

A searchlight. Then searching fingers.

Cecilia muscles her torso up into the attic.

The light probes the barren space. This is not the cobweb strewn attic of a horror film - just a bland, typical crawlspace. Boxes and cans of PAINT are stacked around.

Cecilia dials her own number one more time.

This time the vibration is accompanied by the LCD light of a phone screen. Lying in the far corner.

Cecilia maneuvers towards it, ducking under ceiling beams.

She reaches it and stoops over it. Scrapes it off the floor slowly, making sure it's hers. It is.

She taps the passcode into it, opening the lock screen. Thumbs the CAMERA app on the front page - opening her photo folder.

She sees the first photo - *it is her sleeping next to Sydney*.

With horror, Cecilia scrolls backwards - seeing snapshot after snapshot of herself sleeping. In Sydney's bed, in her own bed. The white light of the flash rendering everything in stark detail.

She tears her eyes away from the phone and looks down...

...finding Adrian's KITCHEN KNIFE sealed in a plastic Ziploc bag.

The flashlight beam refracts off the blade brilliantly.

Arranged near the knife is a stockpile of loose papers.

It is Cecilia's missing ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AND CV.

With hesitation, Cecilia follows the line of items as if the flashlight was dragging her along to each consecutive one.

Next in line, she sees a mound of her own CLOTHES. T-shirts, underwear. Folded neatly. Reverently.

Then the light lands on a neat square of SOYLENT SHAKES. The same brand that Adrian hoarded in his refrigerator. They have all been OPENED.

Cecilia pinches one of the cartons from the collection, turning it upside down. It has been drained EMPTY.

Finally, the flashlight reveals a sleek tablet device. Cecilia touches the screen and it radiates to life. A series of small windows on the desktop are laid out on it.

She taps one of them and a strange, fish-eye camera view of her bedroom is visible. She drags the camera view around in a 360 degree circle - SEEING HERSELF on the screen.

It is a recording of the night she was locked in her bedroom. In the footage, she sees herself stagger towards the camera, swatting her hands.

She FAST FORWARDS the footage and sees herself sitting in the corner of the room. James becomes visible in the frame and he approaches the chair in the corner, running his hand over it.

She lowers the tablet, her eye drawn to a pinprick of light on the floor.

It's leaking out of a hole that has been haphazardly covered with a small circle of cardboard. She moves the cardboard...

...unveiling a tiny hole drilled into the plaster.

She arches down and scrunches an eye against it, peeping through.

FROM HER POV: We see Cecilia's bed and part of her bedroom.

She raises her head...suddenly all too aware of the darkness around her.

HER PHONE BUZZES IN HER HAND.

She JOLTS, jerking it away from her. Reads the text with an outstretched hand.

**UNKNOWN NUMBER: See yourself?**

Cecilia whips around, the flashlight acting as her field of vision. Revealing nothing.

Only now she doesn't trust that.

Her ears take over. We HEAR a creak...the distinct groan of weight on METAL.

She crawls backwards.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia's face appears in the open attic door, spying down at the ladder.

Just a ladder.

AND THEN CECILIA ROOSTS A BUCKET OF PAINT INTO VIEW, UPENDING IT AND DRENCHING THE LADDER --

-- THE WATERFALL OF WHITE PAINT REVEALING THE OUTLINE OF A HEAD, NECK AND SHOULDERS JUST INCHES FROM HER OWN FACE.

With sudden violence, the paint can is WRENCHED from Cecilia's hands as the ladder clatters to the floor.

Cecilia reflexively JERKS backwards, hearing the racket below.

Then silence.

She sheepishly pokes her head into view again. Waiting. Heart hammering in her chest.

She wrestles herself into a position where she can lower her legs through the hole.

Without the ladder, they dangle in mid air. Flailing.

She drops. Lands hard on the overturned ladder. Adrenalin picks her back up. No pain.

She holds out Adrian's kitchen knife.

As she advances down the hallway, she sees droplets of paint forming a path ahead of her, the gloss reflecting the light.

She follows the tell-tale trail, leading her into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia edges into the space, the knife tremoring in her hand.

The beads of paint dwindle and abruptly PETER OUT in the middle of the large family rug.

Gone.

In a fugue state of fear, Cecilia stops, listens and waits.

She WHIPS around, studying the room. There are stacked paint cans. A ladder draped in a paint splattered cloth. The walls are unfinished. Everything is a suggestion of camouflage.

She uses her ears rather than her eyes...concentrating on the smallest sound.

She freezes in the middle of the room, not wanting her own footsteps to interfere with her surveillance.

Then, behind her, what seems like a splotch of paint on the wall suddenly MOVES SILENTLY.

It is the outline of a head and shoulders.

CLOSER on the figure as it steps forward, we see the ghastly sight of a floating FACE MASK - the contours of its features sketched only in dripping white paint. Tendrils of enamel DRIP SLOWLY down the face.

The figure steps around the corner into the kitchen.

Cecilia doesn't see it. She keeps scanning.

*HISSSSSSSSSS!*

The new noise STINGS Cecilia like a wasp. She WHEELS on it, white knuckling the knife handle.

It is coming from the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The knife blade goes in first. Then Cecilia.

She sees that the faucet is running at FULL BLAST. She rears up and propels herself towards it.

White paint swirls in the sink, circling down the drain.

She dips her fingers in the white paint and glares at them. Shuts the water off. Once again, the silence threatens.

She turns and faces the empty kitchen. A tense wait.

Her head KICKS BACK VIOLENTLY as something grasps her throat. She is lifted into the air and held there, suspended in mid-air like a marionette. She struggles to force the blade towards her transparent attacker but something is stopping her.

Her hand twists at the wrist and she drops the knife with a howl of pain. The Invisible Man drives her backwards.

She hits the wall with such force that a grunt of air is socked out of her, her body collapsing onto the tiled floor.

The knife is punted away by an invisible foot.

Cecilia tries to breathe - until something CLAMPS her ankle, hauling her along the floor. The Invisible Man pins her down and she stretches an arm into the cabinet below the sink, clawing at anything she can get.

She gets her hands on a container of BLEACH and SMASHES it into the space above her. The hit scores and we hear The Invisible Man cry out in pain, releasing his grip.

Cecilia rolls over and crawls desperately along the floor towards the DINING TABLE.

Cecilia shirt is rended upwards as The Invisible Man PICKS HER UP AND HURLS HER across the table. She rolls over it, taking table settings with her, and lands on the other side.

She props up on her elbows, drawing a breath - until the table is ripped to the side and The Invisible Man snatches her ankle again, dragging her along the floor towards the kitchen.

As he gets there, she uses her right leg to stop her momentum, stomping it against the kitchen island. She kicks against the cabinet within it, revealing stacks of dishes.

Cecilia rakes up any weapon within arms reach, hurling them at her unseen attacker. Cups, bowls, ANYTHING.

She swings a plate - SHATTERING IT on the Invisible Man and he releases her.

Overcome and overmatched, she grabs a shard of the broken plate and staggers into --

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- the living room.

She bee lines straight for the front door - until the rug is violently RIPPED OUT from under her, dragging her across the floor.

She collects herself and stands up, holding the shard out in front of her.

The silence is torture. She traces the shard across the air around herself, searching for a sign of him.

She backs up through the room. A floorboard creaks and she swats the blade in the direction of the sound.

The curtains move in the breeze and she catches sight of it in her peripheral vision. Swivels towards it.

She keeps backing up until she hits the wall.

Waiting.

SMASH!

A fist sized hole explodes in the plaster beside her head and she wails in terror, flinching away.

Calculating quickly, Cecilia smacks her fist against the light switch.

Darkness gulps up the room. She reaches over to the kitchen wall and switches that light out too.

It's dark now. Quiet creaks. Low shuffling.

And then...a look of HORROR CROSSES OVER CECILIA'S FACE.

Slowly, her arm LIFTS - the shard in her hand pressing against HER OWN THROAT.

She struggles against it. We see the indentations of FINGERS on her wrist. Her other arm is held in place too. Futile.

A voice slithers out of the void right behind her head.

INVISIBLE MAN (O.S.)
You think I can't see you in the dark?

Blood dribbles down her arm as he makes her squeeze the shard.

CECILIA
I know your body in the dark too.

She drives her foot upwards and WHAMS into something. From the wheezing sound he makes, she got him square in the crotch.

Freed from his grip, she sprints for the front door. We STEADICAM with her, going through it.

EXT. FRONT YARD, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The front door whines open and Cecilia staggers out onto the front lawn.

She feverishly taps her iphone screen as she runs.

She screams as if something has TOUCHED HER.

A woman walking her dog past the house pauses, afraid.

Cecilia looks a mess. She stops running but is walking quickly. Constant nervous glances around her personal space.

She keeps moving, turning a corner onto another street, continually checking her phone. A car pulls up near her and she suddenly DIVES for it.

INT. LYFT DRIVER'S CAR - NIGHT

Harried and urgent, Cecilia stutters to the driver.

LYFT DRIVER
Cecilia?

CECILIA
Yes! Just go! Go!

The alarmed driver pulls out and drives.

LYFT DRIVER
You okay?

Cecilia says nothing. The driver reads his GPS.

LYFT DRIVER (CONT'D)
3333 Celestial Drive. Long way from here.

CECILIA
I know.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY SCAPE - DAWN (AERIAL)

The clustered buildings of the downtown area are left behind as the Lyft crosses the Golden Gate bridge.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MORNING

The car rolls past a parade of tall trees.

INT. LYFT DRIVER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cecilia braces herself, watching the passing landscape like she's flipping through a photo album of traumatic events.

We can physically see the weight of this place on her body.

The car slows and rolls to a stop outside a sculptural rock gate marked **3333.**

LYFT DRIVER
Is this it?

CECILIA
Yeah...this is it.

The driver turns around to face her.

LYFT DRIVER
If you don't mind me saying, you seem so unhappy. A beautiful woman like you shouldn't have anything to be unhappy about. That's the way I look at it.

Cecilia registers his voice somewhere in the fog of her mind.

CECILIA
(absent)
Thank you.
(beat; plan forming)
Listen, would you mind waiting for me? I won't be long, I promise. You can take me back to the city.

She plasters on her shopworn, genuine-looking fake smile. Stops just shy of batting her eyelashes.

LYFT DRIVER
Yeah, no problem.

EXT. FRONT GATE, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia emerges from the Lyft.

She wanders to the call box and types in a number. The gate groans open.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia makes her way up the drive. This is the same house we saw at the beginning of this story.

She walks hesitantly...like the ground beneath her feet might bite.

Everything is familiar and everything is shocking in its sudden presence.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

The modernist cube at the end of the drive is not so much a house as a statement. It says "I don't have normal problems".

The whole estate feels deserted in its silence.

Cecilia wanders down a short set of steps and reaches the glass front door. A thumbprint ID pad is required for entry.

Cecilia takes a hopeful breath and tentatively presses her thumb against the pad. The door dutifully clicks open.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL/LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

As the door opens, a computer voice intones an alert.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Fault. Front door, open.

Cecilia steps inside with her eyes closed. Needs to handle this one sense at a time.

She opens her eyes and absorbs the empty expanse laid out before her. The first thing she sees is a <u>SECURITY CAMERA</u>.

All the paintings and artworks have been removed from the walls, covered in sheets and piled on the floor.

CECILIA
Hello?

Zeus appears. He is tense. In attack mode. Steadying herself, Cecilia crouches and offers her hand.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Hey Zeus...did you miss me?

The dog relaxes and bows his head, sauntering forward to nuzzle Cecilia. She strokes his neck. He is not wearing a SHOCK COLLAR.

FROM HER POV: she turns to face a corridor extending into the house. Swallowed up by darkness.

INT. CORRIDOR, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia creeps down the corridor. The photos of Adrian and his awards have all been REMOVED.

INT. RESEARCH LAB/OFFICE - DAY

Cold. Remote. It feels like a morgue in here.

Cecilia enters the lab. Zeus ambles along behind her, sniffing at chairs.

She marches forward to the walled off area at the back of the lab, examining the metal frame within it.

She pauses at the keypad that guards entry...pondering.

She tries one entry and the keypad intones a harsh rejection.

She glares at the numbers, willing the answer to come to her.

CECILIA
Twelve, fourteen, seventeen. The day we met.

She presses each button and the keypad accepts the code. The door clicks open.

INT. GLASS SAFE, RESEARCH LAB - DAY

With trepidation, Cecilia approaches the metal frame. Hands held out in front of her.

They stop in mid-air...pressing against something we cannot see.

Cecilia gropes the invisible object, fingers pressing various points on it.

And suddenly it happens. Hexagonal sections of the invisibility suit TURN OFF one at a time.

Like a jigsaw puzzle unmaking itself, the suit becomes visible piece by piece - holograms disappearing and revealing a strange BODYSUIT made of CAMERAS. The eye of the lenses in each camera whirs and shutters.

This is it. This is her proof.

Cecilia lifts the suit off the clothes hook, studying it.

Zeus suddenly stands to attention, alert.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Fault. Front door, open.

Someone is here.

Cecilia takes the suit and hurries out of the lab.

INT. CORRIDOR, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia edges out into the darkened hall. Zeus smashes past her, bounding down the corridor.

Footsteps in the next room. Cecilia navigates them with her eyes, the strange suit draped over her arm.

She keeps stumbling backwards, reaching Adrian's bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Zeus stalks out of the corridor. He jogs into the center of the room, staring at something we cannot see.

He sits obediently...as if commanded to do so. We hear footsteps approach him but see nothing.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia sucks in a gasp - this room is the white hot center of her trauma.

Cecilia backs into the WALK-IN CLOSET, closing the doors.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

A stripe of light cuts through the center of the closet. Cecilia retreats into the shadows. She scans and sees that her side of the closet is still stocked with her clothes.

She drags a foot stool into place and stands on it, removing the drawer that the took out the night she escaped.

Rolling up the invisibility suit as best she can, she stuffs it into the hidden space behind the drawer and then replaces it.

She hears footsteps enter the room.

Then they stop.

Cecilia approaches the narrow gap in the closet doors. Gapes through it.

There is nothing to see. Just an empty bedroom.

Cecilia retreats from the doors. She UNSCREWS A HALOGEN LAMP BULB from a fixture in a sconce on the closet wall.

She selects a SUIT JACKET from a hangar and wraps it around the bulb, CRUNCHING IT.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - SAME TIME

FROM SOMEONE'S POV: we approach the closet doors.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia backs up as the footsteps approach the closet doors.

The footsteps stop. She can hear breathing.

She hears fingers touch the closet door handle.

And then...nothing happens.

The footsteps walk away. Cecilia waits. She doesn't trust anything she hears.

She edges towards the closet doors, opening them slowly.

Revealing the empty room. She stares into the void as if concentration will reveal something.

It doesn't. She steps back and waits.

CRUNCH.

Shards of glass from the lightbulb are shattered as someone - something - steps on them. Cecilia whips a look down - a clear footprint is outlined in the jagged pebbles dispersed at the entrance to the closet.

She takes flight - DETONATING into whatever blocks her way.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - SAME TIME

Zeus BOLTS, surging forward up the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia flies from within the closet.

A force WHOMPS her into the wall, assaulting her.

FEROCIOUS BARKS startle Cecilia. It's Zeus. He is not angry at her. He is guarding against something just <u>beyond</u> Cecilia.

Something we cannot see.

Cecilia uses her chance at escape.

INT. UPPER LEVEL CORRIDOR, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia EXPLODES through the bedroom door, bolting down the hall.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia runs out of the front door.

EXT. MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

The gate opens and Cecilia scrabbles through it, running to the waiting Lyft.

INT. LYFT DRIVER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Cecilia scrolls through her contacts list. Her index finger hovers over her sisters name.

She hits it. The phone dials.

EMILY (V.O.)
Yes?

CECILIA
Emily...I need help. I can give you all the apologies you deserve later but right now, I just need help and if you don't want to, I understand but please let me go so I can ask someone else, because I don't think I have much time left.

EMILY (V.O.)
What is it you need?

CECILIA
I just need you to listen to me. I'll meet you, tonight if you can. In a public place. Remember our dinner date? Let's do that again. Same place. I need to make a stop somewhere so give me about an hour.

EXT. CHIN CHIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A hip looking Chinese restaurant in the downtown area.

INT. CHIN CHIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cecilia fidgets, drawing attention to herself with her skittish paranoia. Her eyes are lined with dark trenches.

She keeps her eyes on the empty chair in front of her. Emily plops down into it.

They avoid looking at each other, Emily distractedly scanning for wait staff.

A grinning young man with arm tattoos and a denim apron breaks the battle of wills, setting menus down.

WAITER
Hey guys, I'm Taylor, I'll be looking after you tonight. Have you dined with us before? Do you need me to explain how this place works?

EMILY
I'm assuming you order food and then you eat it?

TAYLOR
Well yeah, pretty much, there's just a couple of things we do that are...it's all family style so --

EMILY
We've eaten here before, it's all good.

TAYLOR
Okay, so you're good to go then. Uh, would you like any water to start? Still or sparkling?

EMILY
The free kind.

TAYLOR
Tap it is.

Taylor scurries away. Back to silence.

CECILIA
Thank you for being here.
(beat)
You know why I always call you for help and then I don't call you enough when things are okay? It's because you're like the police. You have a blunt force strength to you that's comforting when I'm in trouble and intimidating when I'm not. I don't have that strength. I envy it.

She pauses, glancing around.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I mean, James actually <u>is</u> a six foot cop and he's intimidated by you.

EMILY
As he should be. I'll kick his ass.

Cecilia laughs, and then Emily does too.

CECILIA
I need that strength in my life. I need you.
(beat)
And you're the only person in the world who would believe what I'm about to tell you.

Emily finally locks eyes with Cecilia. Wants to hear this. Taylor returns and pours the waters. Excruciating wait.

TAYLOR
Do you guys need some more time with the --

EMILY
Yes, lots more time.

TAYLOR
No problem at all.

He bails. Cecilia whispers so low that Emily hunches forward.

CECILIA
Adrian's brother lied to us. He's not dead. I can prove it.

EMILY
How?

CECILIA
I went to his house today and I found something. Something that proves what I'm experiencing. That Adrian has been stalking me.

EMILY
What is it?

CECILIA
It's some kind of suit that Adrian built. It's made out of camera's and it projects --

And then she stops talking.

Because a strange look has come over Emily's face.

A look of sudden shock.

A KNIFE - the same kitchen knife Cecilia stole from Adrian - is HOVERING IN MID-AIR OVER CECILIA'S RIGHT SHOULDER.

Cecilia turns to see it - and as soon as she does, the blade ARCS through the air and SLASHES EMILY'S THROAT.

It's so quick and silent that it doesn't seem to have happened. A look of surprise rather than pain on Emily's face.

Until the skin on her throat opens up - blood gushing out so quickly that there is no drama to it, just immediate emergency.

Emily can't speak.

Coughs out one last protest before gripping her neck.

The knife SMACKS into Cecilia's hand before she has time to register any of this.

And then the screaming starts.

A woman at the next table lets out a high pitched shriek so piercing that the entire room whips their eyes onto her.

The picture everyone sees is Cecilia holding a bloody knife as Emily's body collapses forward, passing out quickly as blood soaks the white table cloth.

Cecilia stares at the knife with total delirium, dropping it and matching the original scream with one of her own.

The other patrons blanch - until a waiter tackles Cecilia.

She fights against him with animal strength.

What we witness is someone's sanity disappearing in an instant. Imagine watching your child fall off a cliff and your reaction - that's where we are with Cecilia.

She screams from somewhere deep within her. She is broken.

TIME, SPACE AND SOUND FRACTURE HERE. We are in sync with Cecilia.

CLOSE ON CECILIA'S FACE, pressed against the floor.

We see FLASHES of police jackets. Of Cecilia's hands being cuffed. She is pulled upwards.

Then darkness.

INT. CECILIA'S HOLDING CELL, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Four nurses and a police officer lead Cecilia into a utilitarian holding cell for mental patients.

HEAD DOCTOR
Just calm down, we're doing this for --

CECILIA
No, please. NO!

HEAD DOCTOR
It's for your own safety, we don't wanna hurt you, we just wanna relax you.

They push her onto a hospital bed, winding restraints around her arms.

CLOSE ON CECILIA'S FACE: She glares past them with wild eyes.

CECILIA
No, he's here! He's in here!

FROM HER POV: the bodies and shoulders of the nurses crowd her vision, but she's fixated on an empty corner of the room.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
He's in the room with us! You can't see him but he's over there and he's gonna hurt me! He's behind you!

HEAD DOCTOR
Okay, we're gonna be right here and we're going to protect you from yourself and anyone else.

CECILIA
No, he's in the room! I know it!

Once the restraints are secured, the head doctor poises a needle in the air, smudging her right arm with alcohol.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
No, no, don't...he's right there, he'll --

He pokes the needle into her arm, depressing the plunger. It doesn't take long for Cecilia's thrashing to subside.

She relaxes...sinking back onto the gurney.

We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching her. It's quiet and not clear where it's coming from. It could be outside the room.

We PUSH IN on Cecilia. HOLD ON HER SLEEPING FACE.

EXT. STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

A cold, clinical building. Purpose built to be heartless.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Cecilia sits opposite James and DETECTIVE RECKLEY (43). James tries to keep it together but his shock shows. Reckley is an all business police officer. He's doing his best to appear sensitive and gently coax answers out of Cecilia.

Cecilia is shackled to the chair, wearing a standard issue hospital smock. Pale. Numb. Zonked out on pharmaceuticals.

Reckley takes out a laptop, opening it on the table.

He zips a cursor around the screen, clicking on a window that takes up most of the desktop.

It is a FIXED SECURITY CAMERA VIEW from someone's garage, TIME STAMPED AS 5.12 AM. Taken on James' street.

RECKLEY
Cecilia, can you confirm that the person in this video is you?

In the footage, Cecilia swats at something unseen, reacting as if someone invisible were attacking her.

Cecilia nods, but she's hardly there.

RECKLEY (CONT'D)
And can you confirm that you recently fainted during a job interview due to a high amount of Valium in your system?

CECILIA
(slurred, sleepy)
I was drugged.

RECKLEY
You have a history of psychiatric treatment for anxiety, don't you?

CECILIA
I can prove it...I have something. I have something that can prove he's been doing this. I found it.

James leans forward, intrigued.

JAMES
What do you have?

CECILIA
I can't tell you right now. He's listening. He's in the room.

RECKLEY
You're saying that the person who killed your sister is in the room right now but we can't see him?

Cecilia nods. Reckley looks to James. James motions him outside with a gesture and Reckley books it.

The police facade on James drops away when the door closes.

JAMES
I can't handle seeing you like this. The nurses told me they have you on suicide watch.

CECILIA
You have to help me.

JAMES
I wanna help you...but there's a system in place you have to go through. This ain't a parking ticket. I can't just get you out of it.

Cecilia reaches up and puts her hand as far as the cuffs will allow it onto the table. He reaches across and takes it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Please stay strong for me. I'll do what I can.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

James leaves the interview room, closing the door behind him. Reckley is killing time in the hall, cynical as ever.

RECKLEY
What did you expect? She cut her sister's throat in front of a hundred witnesses. It was never gonna be good.

James slumps against the wall, massaging a migraine away.

RECKLEY (CONT'D)
Look...there's a lot that can be milked out of an insanity defense. I don't need to tell you that.

James stares at his friend through a window in the door.

RECKLEY (CONT'D)
She needs treatment for now, boss, not us.

They walk away down a long corridor, heading for the exit doors.

INT. CECILIA'S HOLDING CELL - DAY (TIMELAPSE)

Cecilia sits on her bed without restraints on, as remote as stone. There's barely any of her left. Her light has gone out.

Around her, doctors and nurses zip back and forth at an ACCELERATED RATE. We see whole days pass at high speed. We keep CLOSING IN on Cecilia until her face FILLS THE FRAME.

And then a curt VOICE edits us back into our present.

NURSE (O.S.)
Is this bed giving you any problems, Cecilia?

CECILIA
No.

She gazes vacantly at a wall mounted TV, set to C-SPAN.

NURSE (O.S.)
Okay. Is there anything in the room that is distressing to you? That you don't like? Is it too cold? Too hot? Do you want more light?

CECILIA
No.

NURSE (O.S.)
Okay, good. I want to talk to you about something. You remember we did a blood test on you a few days ago? Do you remember that?

CECILIA
Yes.

NURSE (O.S.)
Okay. Well, we got the results back ...and the test shows that you're pregnant.

That punctures Cecilia's daze. Some fuse flickers on inside her and she actually makes eye contact with the nurse.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Did you know that you were pregnant?

CECILIA
No. That can't be...

NURSE
The sample showed us that it was pretty recent. We can't be sure of exactly when, but it must have been in the last month.

The shock of this has spanked her out of her narcotic stupor. The nurse keeps talking but her voice DIMS TO NOTHING.

INT. PRIVATE VISITING ROOM, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Cecilia is led into a small room, where she is lowered into a chair in front of a drab metal desk and another chair.

ORDERLY
You have a fifteen minute private meeting with your attorney.

The orderly leaves. Cecilia looks confused. She scrutinizes the empty room in front of her.

CECILIA
Did you arrange this?

The door opens and Tom Griffin walks in, toting a briefcase. He takes a seat, staring at her without a hint of malice.

TOM
Good morning, Cecilia. You don't have to say anything to me. I'll understand if you don't, of course.

Cecilia just muses back at him. There is too much to say.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's upsetting to see you in this condition. Even though things ended badly for you and Adrian, I still think of you as family. I mean that.

CECILIA
So you're my lawyer now?

TOM
I'm the lawyer for your source of income. I represent my brother's trust.

CECILIA
If only he were dead.

TOM
That's right, you reiterated this delusion to the police in your statement. It's an unfortunate but apt segue into my business here.

He drops a briefcase onto the table, unclasping it and speaking in an officious drone as he plies a folder out.

TOM (CONT'D)
According to the terms of my late brother, the money from his trust was payable to you conditional upon your mental competence. In light of your current situation, it is my duty to inform you that any further payments are to be halted. I don't take any pleasure in relaying that.

Cecilia studies him, relishing the small benefit of actually seeing her attacker with her own eyes for once.

CECILIA
You know, I used to feel sorry for you. The blood relation of a narcissist sociopath. A permanent punching bag, handcuffed to him by his wallet...now I see that you're just the jellyfish version of him. Everything but the spine.

Tom's eyes smile but his mouth doesn't. His first tell.

He slides a contract towards her and proffers his familiar gold fountain pen.

TOM
You can try to litigate this but that's going to be an expensive option and I can't see it working. However if you sign this document and forfeit your share of the trust now, it will be a lot cleaner. I know you opened a bank account for a friend of yours to go to college, so it'll be hard.

This hits her. She wants to win this staring contest with him but the tears come involuntarily.

Tom glances over his shoulder - as if at someone else - and then leans forward. Lowers his voice.

TOM (CONT'D)
Or...there is one other option where this all goes away.
(beat; now a whisper)
Agree to have the baby and go back to him.

Cecilia is ELECTROCUTED by this admission.

TOM (CONT'D)
You really think Adrian didn't know you were secretly using birth control? Of course he did. You should have known he would find out. You knew him as well as I did. He replaced them with something else. You only thought you were taking birth control pills.

Cecilia processes what Tom is telling her, mouth agape.

TOM (CONT'D)
He was always going to find you when you ran away. No matter what he had to do. You're the mother of his child. But he's punished you enough now. The games are over.

He places his smartphone on the table, eyes pleading.

TOM (CONT'D)
A new life with him can be given to you with one phone call. A new life just like your old one with Adrian. The life where anything you wanted was only a question mark away. Where your day to day existence was unfairly luxurious and exciting and easy. It's all set up for you.

He clears his throat and flexes his back, stepping back into character as the cold blooded lawyer.

TOM (CONT'D)
You don't really have a choice. Right now, you're a murderer. But I can change that.

Cecilia aims her anguish at the phone, the gravity of everything hitting her like a sledgehammer. She sees that there are four more GOLD FOUNTAIN PENS slotted into Tom's briefcase.

Her mind ticks...and then she LUNGES upwards, swiping Tom's folder off the table with one chop.

CECILIA
He killed my sister...which means *you* killed my sister.

Tom flinches at the outburst, his act crumbling. She was right - he is spineless. He gathers up his papers.

TOM
I don't expect you to make a decision right now. I'll come back in three days.

He shuts his case and goes to the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
Be good to yourself until then.
(beat)
We'll be watching.

INT. CORRIDOR, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

A shackled Cecilia is led down the corridor by the orderly.

INT. CECILIA'S HOLDING CELL, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Cecilia sits in her room as a nurse takes her vitals. She zones out at the TV. Dead inside. At her LOWEST.

The Weather Channel plays out on the screen. The TV is muted but a weatherman gesticulates at a graphic of a rain cloud.

EXT. STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rain barrages the starkly lit hospital campus.

EXT. CECILIA'S HOLDING CELL, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Veins of drizzle bleed down the window pane.

INT. CECILIA'S HOLDING CELL, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

Cecilia watches a guard scavenge her room for contraband.

GUARD
Open your mouth.

Cecilia does and he probes it with a gloved hand. Satisfied, he exits, shunting the door into lockdown mode.

She waits a beat and then reaches down below her mattress and digs out Tom's FOUNTAIN PEN.

Cecilia shuffles into her tiny shower. All metal objects have been removed and the room has been 'suicide-proofed'.

She palms a button on the wall which allows the timed water to begin, still clad in her hospital smock. The water hits her but she doesn't react, like she's not even aware of it. She is truly a zombie.

She holds up the pen.

CECILIA
You won't get the baby and you won't get me.

She raises her left wrist. Her right hand presses the tip of the pen against it. Teeth gritted, she gouges the improvised blade into the soft tissue, blood trickling down her forearm.

She draws the pen downwards --

-- and something SEIZES her right hand. An unseen entity made visible by the water that outlines it.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
There you are.

And that's when Cecilia STRIKES. The stupefied, depressed look on her face DROPS AWAY and is replaced by one of palpable DEFIANCE. She grips the invisible limb and STABS the pen into it with revitalized energy. It was all a performance.

She WRENCHES THE PEN UPWARDS, cutting into the limb as hard as she can. There is a SCREAM that doesn't come from Cecilia --

-- accompanied by an impossible vision: the spectral forearm she has in her clutches begins to GLITCH in front of her. As if someone had shattered a laptop screen and wrapped it around a human form. It doesn't make sense --

-- *BUT IT IS NO LONGER AN ENTIRELY INVISIBLE MAN*.

The disembodied arm malfunctions with skittish static as it releases its hold on Cecilia.

It's already too late though.

With the advantage of a visual target, Cecilia claws the arm at the wrist, bending it back.

She drives her ethereal assailant downwards - and then SMASHES her free elbow into the area where the anatomy of the arm suggests the head would be.

We hear the strike CONNECT with a tangible SMACK.

Cecilia is out of the shower now, moving with the arm to the floor. She raises the makeshift shiv and plunges it downwards.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

The figure underneath her parries and KICKS her back into the main room. She smashes into her bedside table with a THUD and it clatters to the floor.

The door unlocks and a GUARD BARRELS INSIDE.

GUARD
Stand up, Cecilia. Now!

The guard barks in the way that figures of authority like to.

And then the guard turns...taking in the surreal sight of an ARM, floating in air. Detached from a body. Spitting static like a faulty TV set.

The guard blinks away any bluster in an instant, turning from 'bullish guard' to 'child having a nightmare' in one second.

The arm moves and the guard's training short circuits. He fumbles for his taser, unhooking it and aiming it limply.

In a blur of movement, the taser lurches out of his hand -- and then TURNS BACK ON HIM.

The autonomous taser RAMS INTO THE SHOCKED GUARDS MOUTH, igniting the angry clicks of voltage as the trigger is pulled back against his tongue.

The guard spasms into a VIOLENT SEIZURE as thousands of volts course through his face without mercy.

The taser removes itself from his mouth and his body drops.

Cecilia charges at the Invisible Man, slamming him aside and streaking through the open door into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia skids on the slick linoleum, dog paddling desperately to her feet.

She WHAMS into two guards who grapple her as an aggressor.

CECILIA
He's right there!! Look!

One guard actually responds to her demand, craning up and seeing the ghostly outline of the Invisible Man. As the suit glitches, it sporadically becomes a visible suit again - an eerie and alien black form that is covered in hundreds of small glass eyes.

The guard relaxes his headlock on Cecilia, groping for his gun. As soon as he does, the gun slips out of his holster and aims at the side of his head.

With a muffled report, the wall spatters with blood from the guards head. He collapses like someone switched him off.

The second guard struggles to compute the illusion he is witnessing. He swipes his gun out, aiming it at the mysterious visage.

An unseen force WHAPS him in the face like a gust of wind with fists. His head WHIPLASHES back, twin rivers of blood sluicing out of his nostrils.

He sags to his knees.

As more guards scramble into the corridor, the Invisible Man turns to face them.

The first guard runs into an INVISIBLE WALL that launches him backwards.

A second guard moves into view but is suddenly gripped by the glitching arm of Invisible Man --

-- who power drives the guards head into a glass window, shattering it. He hits the deck as another guards slows down, gun drawn.

Waiting for something he can aim at. All is quiet.

And then in one swift motion, the guard's hand presses the muzzle to HIS OWN KNEE, firing a shot clean through it.

He screams until the Invisible Man brutally knocks him out.

Two more guards appear, side by side. Guns drawn.

One of the men is suddenly LAUNCHED backwards as if thrown by the hand of God. The other stupefied man is suddenly disarmed.

He watches in acute horror as his Glock floats through the air and points back at his own face.

INVISIBLE MAN (O.S.)
Get down.

The guard lowers to his knees and the gun disassembles into various parts, scattering about the floor. The Invisible Man unhooks the guards ID tag from his chest and runs away with it towards the emergency exit door at the end of the hallway.

Cecilia snatches the loose gun off the floor and pursues.

The emergency door in front of her explodes open and she sprints through it.

INT. STAIRCASE, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A concrete stairwell. Cecilia surges after the Invisible Man, skipping three steps at a time.

She fires a shot but it's way off. The roar reverberates in the silo with a deafening echo.

INT. GROUND FLOOR ENTRY CAGE, PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The door to the stairwell punches open and the rippled camouflage of the Invisible Man staggers out.

He heads for the entry way, holding up the stolen ID card.

Two guards in a glassed-off security monitoring tank squint at what they <u>think</u> they are witnessing.

The cage door grinds open and the Invisible Man spills into the main lobby.

Behind him, Cecilia pounds through the stairwell door, firing another shot at the Invisible Man.

*This* the guards can process - *inmate, gun, escape.*

They reach for their weapons as Cecilia shimmies through the cage door, right before it closes.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cecilia scampers down the short ramp of steps, whipping her head around.

She sights her target - the outline of his body made clear by the downpour.

She zeroes in, huffing towards him. She can't run and shoot, she knows that, so she wants to get closer.

The Invisible Man limps - he's injured. Advantage one.

Cecilia is on his heels when he ducks into the crowded parking lot.

She sees the outline of him and takes a stance. Fires a shot.

A windshield shatters.

The Invisible Man dips behind a hospital van. Vanished.

Cecilia slows everything but her heart rate. Edges forward.

Fluorescent lights illuminate the parking lot, transforming rain drops into thousands of pin lights.

A mournful ALARM does its duty, providing deafening sound to go with the blinding glare.

Cecilia hunches over, both hands wrapped around the gun, inching forward through the rain.

She weaves between the cars, searching the space between them.

Distant shouts swirl together. Guards assembling at the hospital entrance.

Cecilia spins around each car, waiting for a visual giveaway.

Hears a noise instead. It's close.

She gets down on her knees, scoping under the nearest van.

Can't see anything.

The shouts of guards are closing in. Not much time left.

She stands and turns. Realizes something - there is <u>no water</u> in front of her. The rain has stopped in a small area.

She glances up - seeing the rear hatch door of an SUV open and raised. *Blocking the rain.*

She looks down - and it all happens in one second.

The Invisible Man reveals his glitching arm, hidden inside the back of the SUV.

The hand reaches out and ENFOLDS HER THROAT, the other hand fighting for the gun.

Cecilia is pulled in close to him. Forceful. Deliberate.

INVISIBLE MAN (O.S.)
(whispered)
You think you're learning how to beat me, so I'm going to truly teach you something. If you fight me, I won't ever hurt you. I'll find someone helpless that you love and hurt them instead.

The Invisible Man disarms her, SHOVING HER backwards and tossing away.

INVISIBLE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now you've only got yourself to blame for that innocent young girl's death.

CECILIA
No...no...Sydney...

A guard wheels from around the side of an ambulance, gun up.

GUARD
Hold it! Put your fucking hands up! Now!

The Invisible Man steps out from under the SUV hatch and walks forward slowly, the rain contouring to his body shape

The guard jolts in surprise, clocking his gun at this inexplicable new threat.

The Invisible Man disappears around a car and the guard FIRES. As the bullet THUNKS into the chassis, Cecilia RAMS the guard with her whole body.

He topples, sliding on the wet gravel. The gun she stole jams into his neck.

CECILIA
Give me your phone! Now!! Hurry!

He hands over his cell phone and she takes his gun, throwing it away from him.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
What is the passcode? Tell me!

GUARD
One two three four.

CECILIA
Don't fucking lie to me.

GUARD
I'm not. That's it.

She thumbs the number into the rain soaked touchscreen. It works.

Shouts cluster behind Cecilia like a gathering storm.

GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's over here!

Cecilia takes off, dodging between the cars.

She shrinks down behind one sedan as a dozen flashlight beams sword through the car windows above her.

Looking up, she sees the shape of the Invisible Man, sprinting through the deluge towards the main fence.

She gets up and tracks him, keeping her head down.

She sees a glitching arm hold up the GUARDS ID and a PEDESTRIAN GATE opens.

She missiles towards the gate as it swings shut - getting there in the nick of time to stop it with her hand.

EXT. CITY STREET, HOSPITAL PERIMETER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia trips out onto a road. Waiting to spot something.

THEN - a black Tesla darts out of a parking spot and floors it towards her. Cecilia instinctively knows it's Adrian.

She steps further into the lane, playing chicken. Blocking the cars path.

She closes her eyes as the Tesla bears down on her.

The car suddenly VEERS WILDLY to the left, avoiding her - but steering right into the path of an oncoming SUV.

<u>FROM THE SUV DRIVER'S POV</u>: we see the Tesla approach him head on - with NO ONE behind the wheel.

The SUV JERKS RIGHT to avoid the Tesla, SMASHING into a parked car and lurching to a halt.

The Tesla speeds away and Cecilia hurries to the SUV. A man inside is clutching his bleeding face, a deflated air bag sagging onto his lap.

Cecilia opens the door and helps the shocked man out.

ACCIDENT VICTIM
Goddamn driverless cars need more testing!

Cecilia dives into the driver's seat. Starts the car again.

ACCIDENT VICTIM (CONT'D)
Hey, what are you doing?

She accelerates the SUV into a U-Turn and speeds away.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Cecilia dials James' number on the stolen phone.

JAMES (V.O.)
This is James Lanier.

CECILIA
James, it's me.

As Cecilia drives, she spots the Tesla up ahead.

JAMES (V.O.)
Cee? How are you calling me? Aren't you at the hospital?

CECILIA
No. It doesn't matter, listen to me --

JAMES (V.O.)
No, you listen! It does matter. I helped you, now you're bringing me into something I can't be a part of!

CECILIA
Sydney's life is in danger!

JAMES (V.O.)
What?

As he says this, we PULL AWAY FROM THE SUV.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Our POV backs away from the car, speeding up to catch the Tesla up ahead. We PUSH INTO the Tesla --

INT. TESLA - MOVING - NIGHT

-- revealing that the car does indeed appear to be DRIVING ITSELF. The steering wheel jerks to the left, the car weaving between other cars.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Cecilia steers around traffic desperately, horns blasting at her.

CECILIA
Are you with Sydney right now?

JAMES (V.O.)
No, I'm working. She's at the house.

CECILIA
Go to her right now.

JAMES (V.O.)
What are you --

CECILIA
Adrian is going to kill her if we don't stop him! Go to your house, as fast as you can. I'm on my way.

She hangs up and tosses the phone aside.

She stomps on the accelerator and tries to catch the Tesla but it missiles through a red light and a cluster of cars HYDROPLANE to a halt across the wet intersection.

Cecilia hits the brakes and steers around them...but the Tesla has gone.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

A lone light burns inside the home. The rain has stopped.

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. Still. Sydney is fast asleep.

We move away from her and PUSH IN on the window. Through it, we can see the swaying trees of the neighborhood.

We HOLD ON the window. The glass mewls, like someone was putting weight on it.

We MOVE AWAY from the window, floating across the room and through the door, which is ajar.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We PUSH ON down the hall, drifting past other doors, all the way to a SLIDING GLASS DOOR covered by sheer curtains.

We STAY ON the door. The handle turns. Someone is trying to get in.

A moment passes...then the lock JIGGLES as someone works it.

It CLICKS with a satisfactory PLUNK.

The door slides open. The draft outside gooses the sheers into a lilting cloak.

The dancing fabric catches on something - a figure. The wraith passes through the door, stepping into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

We TRACK down the corridor.

We can't see anyone but we can *hear* that the Invisible Man is in the frame. His arm is no longer glitching.

We stop at the door to James' bedroom.

A length of cable is suddenly visible, wound around hidden hands.

It wraps around the door handle, then latches onto another door handle on the opposite side of the hall.

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Sydney stirs. Murmurs from her subconscious.

Her bedroom door is prodded open silently.

A footstep is heard. Then another. The third step is louder when the floorboards protest.

Sydney opens her eyes. Suddenly vigilant. She sits up in bed, squinting into the moonlit room around her.

She trains all her senses on the emptiness. Waiting for a sign.

The world stops breathing.

Sydney doesn't lower her eyes...but her right hand gropes down to her school bag, strewn beside her bed.

She blindly forages for something in the bag.

Whoever is there, they've stopped moving.

And then Sydney arcs a can of PEPPER SPRAY out in front of her. With her left hand, she bunches a pillow against her nose and mouth as she UNLOADS the can. It rasps acidly as she sprays it side to side.

She stops spraying, listening.

A COUGH, INCHES FROM HER FACE.

Sydney SCREAMS.

The Invisible Man staggers backwards, colliding with furniture. Sydney observes the horror show, petrified.

She swoops off the bed in one motion, diving headlong for the door.

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Sydney legs it down the hall --

-- then gets CLOTHES LINED by the cable strung out across the hallway at waist height.

It SLINGS her onto her back with a wind sucking SLAM.

Sydney winces, heaving to catch her breath.

She woozily gains her footing, wobbling up onto her hands and knees and planking forward under the cable --

-- as the bedroom door behind her is swung open. Footsteps stomp down the hall, gaining on her.

She keeps scrambling, gathering speed -- until a force clenches her left ankle. It TRAWLS her backwards, flipping her onto her back with ease.

Both her arms STRAP to the floor as the Invisible Man pins them down.

The skin on her throat depresses as the Invisible Man wraps his thumbs around it.

She struggles for air...eyes widening at the empty space where the face of her attacker should be.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James' car rocks to a stop outside the house as he throttles the brake. He hustles out of it.

We TRACK WITH HIM to the front door. He draws his gun, slotting the key in and stampeding inside.

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

James clocks his surroundings, gun at the ready.

JAMES
Sydney?

INT. HALLWAY, JAMES' HOUSE - SAME TIME

Sydney ekes out a gargle as a reply, her eyes rolling towards the direction of her father's voice.

James barrels into the hall, where he CRACKS the light on --

-- revealing his daughter, lying helpless, struggling against her phantom assailant.

He watches as his daughter is LIFTED OFF THE GROUND by the Invisible Man, posed in the air as if in zero gravity.

His mouth agape, James aims his gun. Unsure where to shoot.

Sydney abruptly SUCKS in a breath, gagging. Whatever it was that was draining the life out of her has suddenly released her and she plummets onto the floor.

James lowers his gun, flush against the wall.

JAMES
Sydney, say something!

He inches towards her --

-- and then is hit by the BATTERING RAM of the Invisible Man.

The force catapults him backwards onto the floor and the gun skates across the rug.

He recovers and claws his way towards it --

-- but the Invisible Man is upon him, assaulting him with a FLURRY of strikes to the face.

INVISIBLE MAN (V.O.)
I've always wanted to do this to a fucking cop.

Sydney screams as she watches her father get pummeled by an apparition, blood speckling the wall.

The Invisible Man finally lets James go. He drops onto his back, near unconscious.

Sydney waits with dread. Where is the threat now? She stands up, backing away.

CECILIA (O.S.)
(subtitle: You can get down, Sydney!)
Tu peux descendre, Sydney!

Cecilia bursts into the hall as Sydney hits the deck, aiming a FIRE EXTINGUISHER at the hallway. She douses the whole space with it, the cloud consuming the corridor.

When it settles, white foam has clung to the OUTLINE OF THE INVISIBLE MAN - giving away his body.

The shape turns to face Cecilia, arms raised in surprise.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I see you, shithead.

She raises James' gun and BLASTS at the Invisible Man's center mass, driving bullets into his chest.

Again. And again.

SHE MARCHES TOWARDS HIM AS SHE FIRES, getting so close that the last shot is POINT BLANK TO THE CHEST.

The gun clicks empty.

Floating pools of BLOOD form in mid air. Clouds of crimson.

The Invisible Man scratches at his wounds weakly, struck dumb by his predicament.

His suit glitches, reacting to the blood.

Cecilia races to Sydney, holding her tight, and they both watch him lurch out into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Invisible Man deflates onto his knees, gargling out a final breath of defeated shame...

...before keeling onto his face. Dead.

Cecilia, still protecting Sydney, approaches the corpse warily. They both study the electronic spasms of the body suit.

Finally, Cecilia nudges the body over onto its back.

James limps into the room behind them. All of them shell shocked.

Cecilia gets on her haunches, reaching for the mask.

She finds a clip at the back of the hood, unhooking it and peeling the slip away from the figure's face.

She flinches back, shock scorched into her eyes...

It is TOM.

Adrian's brother.

His pupils fixed and dilated.

CECILIA
Tom...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

The front door ruptures open.

A tide of police officers swarm into Adrian's house. Three tactical officers lead the procession, detectives backing them up.

They fan out through the living room, flashlights criss-crossing each other.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - LATER

Officers ransack the place, forensics sealing anything they can find in evidence baggies.

INT. GARAGE, MODERNIST HOUSE - DAY

Detectives in plastic gloves pilfer through the cars.

And then they hear it. A muffled noise, like someone shouting underwater.

DETECTIVE #1
Woah, woah, everyone shut up.

All of them cease moving. They zero in on it.

It is coming from a door at the back of the garage.

Two officers fold towards it, narrowing down the source of the sound.

They smash the lock, swatting flashlights onto the stairs beyond the door. The cries are muffled, inarticulate.

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER, MODERNIST HOUSE - LATER

A troop of officers descend the stairs, probing the murk with their Maglites.

A cough startles them. Wrong people to startle. They reflexively cock their revolvers.

A face leans into view. Pale, squinting in the light. A man. His hands are tied and he looks weak. He stumbles forward.

MAN
Thank God...

They catch him as he collapses.

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN, POLICE STATION - DAY

A cable news show shouts with the hysterical tone of our era.

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.)
(from TV set)
...Karen, what we're discovering here is a truly incredible story of deception.
(MORE)

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Noted tech titan Adrian Griffin was held captive within his own home by his brother, Tom Griffin, who faked Adrian's death and proceeded to collect on his inheritance.

Cecilia, James and Sydney huddle around the TV set. Cecilia, in particular, looks sickened by what she is hearing.

CECILIA
No...I know it was Adrian who did this. He spoke to me. This isn't what happened. It wasn't Tom.

JAMES
But we saw Tom with our own eyes. He tried to kill me. You saw it.

CECILIA
Tom did exactly what his brother told him to do. His whole life. Whatever Adrian wanted. That was Tom at your house, you're right. Following orders. The rest of the time it was Adrian.

JAMES
Could you prove that in court?

CECILIA
In court?! James, I don't think you understand. He is still out there and he still has the ability to be completely invisible to us. And unless we do something, we aren't safe and neither is your daughter.

His daughter's safety is the gut punch for James.

Cecilia gets up and approaches him. At this moment, she is the stronger one of the two. By far.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Forget court. What if I could just prove it to you?

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

The street is peaceful.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES' HOUSE - DAY

Cecilia stares at her phone like she's about to dive off a cliff. We remain CLOSE ON her face.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Dials a number.

She presses the phone to her ear and we hear it ring.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(from phone)
Hello? Cecilia?

CECILIA
Yes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I don't say this very often...but I'm at a loss for words.
(beat)
I'm sorry for what my brother put you through. Put both of us through. I didn't realize how far gone he was until it was too late.

CECILIA
I want to meet. I want to talk.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'd like that.

CECILIA
Just the two of us. No circus.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I can understand that.

CECILIA
Let's meet at your house. Tonight. For dinner. Eight o' clock.
(beat)
I want to clear the air.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'm glad. I'll see you tonight.

Cecilia hangs up and starts breathing again.

REVEAL James, sitting opposite her.

Cecilia is wearing only a bra. James approaches and tapes a small microphone to her chest, the wire coiling down her stomach. It's tense for a moment between them.

JAMES
You sure you're gonna be okay?

CECILIA
I'll be fine. You'll be listening.

Cecilia lifts her dress over her shoulders, covering the microphone. James presses a pair of headphones to his ear.

JAMES
Talk for a bit.

CECILIA
Thank you. For everything. I mean it. You're a special person.
(beat)
Did you hear that?

JAMES
Loud and clear.

EXT. DRIVE WAY, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia is dressed up more than we've ever seen her. Not a 'red carpet at the Oscars' outfit but certainly she looks more self-consciously put together. A bag is slung over her shoulder.

She is about to hit the doorbell when the front door opens.

Adrian is standing there in front of her. There is a supreme, natural confidence in everything he does. The way he opens the door appears to be the most efficient way to open a door. The way he smiles appears to be the most efficient way to smile. If you are in his presence, you are inefficient. Inferior.

ADRIAN
Wow. I know you're too humble to care about what you wear, but you always look incredibly stylish. That was and always will be a mystery to someone like me.

CECILIA
The trick is to look like you don't care when you actually do. It's all a lie.

ADRIAN
It's not a lie if you get away with it. Come on in.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian steps aside and Cecilia enters. Zeus pads towards them, excited to see Cecilia but cautious in front of Adrian.

ADRIAN
He always liked you better.

INT. JAMES' CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

James concentrates on what he's hearing in his headphones.

ADRIAN (V.O.)
Let's eat, shall we?

INT. DINING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian leads the way into the minimalist dining room.

ADRIAN
I wanted to get us some simple take out...but of course I started obsessing over what you'd be in the mood for and ended up ordering from three different places. Hence, we have the OCD buffet - sushi, steak and pasta.

The long table is laid out with tidy plates of food. Cecilia sits. She doesn't smile or give an inch.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Or you might not be hungry at all, which is so logical that it suddenly makes this feast look moronic.

CECILIA
I'll try the steak.

ADRIAN
Good choice.

He forks a rib eye onto a plate for her, then fills a plate of his own and takes a seat opposite her.

Cecilia notices the SECURITY CAMERA that drills down at her from the kitchen behind Adrian.

<u>From the camera's POV</u>: we see the image of the room and we witness Cecilia's twitchy discomfort within its frame.

CECILIA
I'm not very comfortable with that thing glaring at me. I don't like cameras. I'd like to switch seats.

ADRIAN
Of course.

They rise and pass each other on opposite sides of the table, taking their plates with them. Seated in their new positions, they settle into the awkwardness of the whole thing again.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
It's funny, my policy in business meetings is to start by saying the thing that nobody wants to say. I take the thing that everybody else would normally skirt around for twenty minutes and I put it right there on the table like that sashimi.
(beat)
So let me take my own approach and say this - I didn't do what you think I did. You were a victim of my brother, just like I was.

He picks up his fork and steak knife and his hand shakes as he absently serrates a piece of meat off.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Look at that, I'm shaking.
(beat)
You're the only person in the world who gets to see my hand shake. And that's because I need you. No part of my life is worth it without you standing next to me. I need to be near you to function.

The next words are physically difficult for him to get out.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I...didn't treat you...the way you should have been treated when we were together. I've learned my lesson that my relationship comes first. Not my work...not anything else. And I would burn everything I own to prove that to you.

CECILIA
If I were to ever come back to you ...it would have to start with honesty. I just want to hear you admit that you did it. That you did everything. Not your brother, you.

ADRIAN
Cecilia...it wasn't me. I swear it.

CECILIA
Look, I might be willing to raise this child with you. But first I need to know that I'm not crazy. I can't be with you again if it starts with a lie.

ADRIAN
I'm not starting with a lie. It rips my heart out to say that... because I loved my brother. And I thought he loved me.

CECILIA
Just tell me the truth!

INT. JAMES'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Cecilia screams with such force that it stings James' ears.

INT. DINING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia is crying. Trembling. Losing it.

CECILIA
No more lies! At least give me that. Tell me the truth just once.

Adrian watches her. Hard to read...but there is a hint of something in his eyes that finds joy in her outburst.

ADRIAN
I promise you I am telling the truth. I'm giving you exactly what you're asking for, Cecilia.

CECILIA
No, you're not! You're doing what you always did. You're making me feel like I'm insane. Making me question everything that I know to be true.

Adrian lets her cry for a while with the medical impassivity of a psychiatrist.

ADRIAN
You forget that we lived together for a long time. I know that you have severe problems with anxiety. I know you feel like you're going insane sometimes.
(beat)
And I'm the only one who can solve those problems...because I'm the person who knows you better than anyone else in the world.

Cecilia is sobbing now, clutching her face. She unleashes an animal cry from deep within her. She gets up out of her chair and staggers across the room.

Adrian rises, concerned.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Cecilia, you need help.

CECILIA
I'm going to be sick...

ADRIAN
This is still as much your house as it is mine. You don't need me to tell you where the bathroom is.

Cecilia stumbles out of the room. As soon as she is gone, Adrian sits back at the table.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia teeters inside, leaning on the sink. Breathing. She turns and exits the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian takes a bite of the steak. Stares at the spot where Cecilia was sitting as he chews.

Adrian keeps eating, then sets his knife and fork down. What is taking Cecilia so long?

He glares up at the security camera watching him.

He wipes his mouth and pushes his chair out from the table.

And that's when he hears it.

Right next to his face.

CECILIA (V.O.)
Surprise.

For a moment, we see a SHIMMER in the space. As if the oxygen in the room was glitching.

Before Adrian can react, his HAND CLAMPS DOWN onto the steak knife.

He grimaces as if fighting against his own muscles. We see INVISIBLE FINGERS make an indentation on his wrist.

With horror, Adrian watches as HIS OWN HAND puppeteers into the air, clutching the knife.

His head lifts, as if held up --

-- and then he CUTS HIS OWN THROAT.

From the SECURITY CAMERA'S POV, we see Adrian gag and CLUTCH HIS WINDPIPE, dropping the knife and falling onto the floor.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

James adjusts his headphones, focusing on the garbled barks of Adrian. Unsure what it is.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Moments pass as Adrian bleeds out.

Cecilia walks back into the room. She sees Adrian and SHRIEKS with terror, running into the frame of the security camera, attempting to lift Adrian.

CECILIA
Adrian! No! No! NO!

Cecilia cries, struggling to support Adrian's weight.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Why would you do this?! Why, Adrian? Help! Someone help me!

As she leans in close to him, we see the slightest SMILE cross her face.

Arterial blood seeps through Adrian's knuckles. His mouth moves. No words spit out. Anger in his expression.

Anger and *defeat*.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

James rips off his headphones, getting out of the car.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia pries a phone from her pocket and dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(from phone)
911, what's your emergency?

CECILIA
I'm with someone who just tried to kill themselves. They've cut themselves! Please help!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What is the address where you are, ma'am?

CECILIA
Um...3326 Celestial Drive, Rowland Heights. Come as fast as you can!

She hangs up the phone as Adrian falls back onto the floor. Still sobbing, Cecilia wobbles backwards out of the security camera's field of vision.

The second she is out of frame, her mask <u>drops</u>. The crying, the anguish - it all dissolves like someone called "cut".

Adrian locks eyes with her and she returns fire with a defiant look.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia wanders into the living room and is greeted by Zeus. She is carrying the the invisibility suit. She unbuckles Zeus' SHOCK COLLAR.

CECILIA
You won't be needing this anymore.

EXT. MODERNIST HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecilia strides through the front door.

There is a new confidence in her walk. She does not hide from the world. Zeus ambles along beside her. Calm. Free.

James runs towards her down the drive, panicked. Zeus growls.

CECILIA
It's okay, Zeus.

JAMES
What happened?!

CECILIA
Adrian killed himself. Cut his own throat. You heard it, right?

James just stares at her. Cecilia reaches into her dress and rips off the mic cord along with the pack, handing it to him.

JAMES
You never wanted to get him on tape...

CECILIA
What do you think happened, James?

JAMES
It sounded a lot like he killed himself.

CECILIA
There's security camera footage of it. You'll see.

A charged moment between them. James steps forward and hugs Cecilia.

JAMES
I believe you.

They separate and James heads towards the house, disappearing inside.

She walks with him towards the front gate of the house, leaving for the last time.

Waiting for the closure to arrive.

FADE OUT.